

THE



WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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A HELPING HAND.

(See Article on page 4.)

What Then?

TO THE SINNER.

After the joys of earth;
After the songs of mirth,
After the hours of light,
After its dreams so bright—
What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscience smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscience smart,
After this aching heart—
What then?

Only a sad farewell!
To a world loved too well,
Only a silent bed
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
To a world loved too well,
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—
What then?

Oh! then—the Judgment Th'ou?
Oh! then—the last hope—gone!
Then, all the woes that dwell
In an eternal HELL!

The Debt Devil.

"Give no man anything."—Romans xiii. 8.

Debt leads to extravagance, luxury, debauchery, embezzling, dishonesty, bankruptcy, and through that to intold sufferring.

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The command of God, the example of Jesus Christ, the verdict of philosophy, political economy and common sense are all agreed, against the contraction of debt.

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John Randolph once sprang from his seat in the House of Representatives and exclaimed in plashing tones: "Mr. Speaker, I have found it out in the stillness which followed, added, "I have found the philosopher's stone, it is 'PAY AS YOU GO'!"

AAA

Horace Greeley wrote, "Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproof, are disagreeable; debt is infinitely worse than them all. If it had pleased God to spare my sons to be the support of my declining years, the lesson I should earnestly have sought to impress upon them is: Never run into debt; avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, sarch it and live on it; rather than owe any man a dollar." Greeley's life was a commentary on his words.

AAA

Benjamin Franklin said: "Think what you do when you go into debt; you give another power over you, liberty, you cannot get out of the time you will be ashamed to see your creditors, you will fear when you speak to him, you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity; and sink into base, downright lying, for the second vice is lying, the first is running into debt. Poor Richard says: 'Lying rides on Debt's back.'"

AAA

The "mortgage" is derived from two words, meaning death-grip.

"Sin and debt are the devil's mortgage on the soul, and he is always ready to foreclose. Be indebted for nothing but love, and even that be sure you pay in kind, and that your payments are frequent."

AAA

"The wages of him that is hired shall not abide all night with thee until the morning;" thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; Lev. 19: 19; Matt. xix. 19.

To oppose the poor by indebtedness to others is a sin which cries to God for vengeance.

Jas. 5: 6.

Jesus set the example, "to owe no man anything" when he wrought a miracle to pay His taxes. Matt. 17: 27.

"The borrower is servant to the lender." Prov. 22: 7.

"Be not of them * * * that are sureties for debts." Prov. 22: 26.

"Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich." Prov. 28: 6.



The House of Obed-Edom.

The house of Obed-Edom, where safe the ark abode,
What time were wars and fightings on every mountain road,
What time was pitched the battle in every valley fair,
The house of Obed-Edom had peace beyond compare.

With fuming on the border: bold fury in the camp,
With the starvings children huddled in the dark tent's shivering dump.
With the mothers crying sadly and every man a prayer—
In the house of Obed-Edom was neither want nor care.

The fields of Obed-Edom 'o foeman trod them down,
The towers of Obed-Edom were like a fortressed town.
And only grace and gladness came speeding on the road,
To the house of Obed-Edom, wherein the ark abode.

Aud far and near they told it, the men who passed that way,
How fell Jehovah's blessing on that house by night and day;
How the smallest to the greatest had joy, and hope, and love,
While the roof of Obed-Edom was watched by God above.

The line of Obed-Edom is on the earth to-day;
In the house of Obed-Edom still he may safely stay
Who, dearer than all treasure for which men toil and plod,
Shall prize the covenant blessing, the hallowed ark of God.

And never strife nor clanger shall break the tranquil spell
In which our Lord's beloved forever safely dwell.
In the house of Obed-Edom, in sunlight or in dark,
Abides the ceaseless blessing that rests within the ark.

Margaret E. Saenger.

SADIE.

By S. E. O.

It was a very cold Saturday evening, but as was her custom, Sadie put on her coat to go out. Cold weather was no reason for staying in to a girl of her temperament. She had an abundant love of life and a very energetic disposition; there was no particular need of her going except her promise to a friend whom she called for. On they started to make a few purchases, to see whom else was out, and then to walk home again. But, pshaw, it was terribly cold, nobody much was out. The snow creaked beneath their feet, and the cold seemed fairly freeze their breath; it was too cold to loiter, and having purchased one or two items, the friends hesitated as to where to turn their steps. "Let us go to the Army for a while," said her friend to Sadie.

Sadie hesitated for a moment.

"Oh, pshaw, I don't want to go there," she finally replied.

"Well, they (referring to the house folks) are not ready yet to drive, it is too cold to walk, we don't want to sit in the store; it is warm in the barracks so why not go? We can leave when we want to."

Sadie yielded at length, although she could not help feeling that she was being betrayed, to use a phrase of her elder sister's. She should seek better associates than herself, from a social standpoint. "The Army people were a grade lower than herself," so she thought.

But the hall was bright and warm, and the meeting was pretty much the same as it used to be when she was a child—"aye, Jumbo," as well as a good, everybody went to the Army then; it was popular in those days; but the nice folk turned their back on it, or very many of them. Why? All these thoughts, and many others went through her mind as she sat there. "I don't like that Captain," she remarked to her friend, once they were outside; "he thinks I'm a sinner, and shoots condemnation at me out of his eyes. He thinks he can read me. He is con-

But he was going to farewell, he had announced, and Capt. D. was going to take charge. Ah, he had opened the work at the same corps, he was the first officer. Sadie must go to hear the last of the Army's early days. Everybody loved him then.

So on Sunday evening on her way home she passed the barracks, then turned and went up its steps and found the prayer meeting in full swing. Seating herself where she could have a good view of the whole proceedings, she presented herself to her conserver, that while she was out, she was being observed, for two sisters were watching her. She was sure of it when one of them came over to place her was and dealt with her soul. She was vexed. She really was, and succeeded in discouraging the sister, for she soon left her.

"Why am I so wicked, anyway?" she asked herself. "She wanted to do me good. Why did I get mad?" She was ashamed of herself.

Then the Captain came. She was on her knees now. She had become ashamed of sitting up while prayer was being made.

"Are you happy, my sister?" he asked. "No!" she replied.

"Why not be? Jesus wills to make you happy," he pleaded.

"Don't talk to me, Captain, it's no good, I know all you tell me. I've heard it all my life. I'm used to it—hardened to it, Gospel hardened."

"God bless you," was his only reply.

But, Sadie, you reckoned on the hardness of your own heart, and forgot the power of the Spirit of God to melt hard hearts, for the truth was penetrating her heart, though she knew it not.

But one day she went to her room and tried to find Jesus. She prayed for a long time, and when she came forth again, everybody was in the room, looking for relief. The following Saturday night she announced to her friend that she was going to knee-drill the next morning; and, to make a long story short, to knee-drill she went, and gave her heart to God, and became a Salvation Soldier, and later an officer, which position she has held now for over six years. At present she is very much occupied in building up the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in Guelph, Ont.

Clippings.

Must Have Help.

Vancouver, Feb. 9.—W. Anderson, of Toronto, who has just arrived from Dawson City, says there is a small army of men in the vicinity of Dawson who will surely suffer before the winter is over if help is not given them. The Salvation Army is helping them and a fund has been raised by charitable inclined people, but many of the poor followers are now sleeping on the billiard tables of the saloons. Mr. Anderson is in the lumber business in Dawson. He says trade is rushing in his line.—Toronto World.

Klondike Xmas.

The Klondike "Nugget" gives an excellent and lengthy report of the opening of the S. A. Shelter and free Christmas dinner given there, which account is concluded with the following sentence:

"It is a noble work this organization is doing, and their non-sectarian, humane work deserves the hearty support of every one who can in any way assist the Army in its efforts. None who enjoyed the open, free-handed liberality of these good people will never forget their Christmas dinner in 1898 on the Klondike extended by the Salvation Army."

Sweet Charity.

All will remember the Elks' social session held last week. One of the first acts of the Elks' club of Dawson from the receipt of the news was to depute \$100 to the Salvation Army of Dawson as an evidence of appreciation of the good work being done by this non-sectarian institution which is doing such noble work in this city.—Klondike Nugget.

West Toronto Junction.

The transfer of the Salvation Army from the barracks on a back street to a business centre on Dundas Street is causing trouble, people in the neighbourhood of Dundas St. and Pacific Av. having complained to the police of the noise made by the soldiers."

If the "business people's" ears are so discriminating, they are differently constructed from the general business population of Canada.

La Grippé.

We have assurances of relief from groups of many in different parts of our country by wearing sulphur in the shoes. Put in one-half a teaspoonful once a week.—Our Dumb Animals.

Fake Testimonials.

S. A. officers have so frequently given in recent so-called testimonials to the wonderful efficacy of various patent medicines that we think it time to call attention to the following invention clipped from a Barrie paper:

"Ensign Ernest Robert, Salvation Army, Barrie, says: 'Have used M. Compound Iron Pills when physically run down, and am pleased to testify to the good they have done me.'

There is no Ensign Ernest Robert in the Salvation Army.

Sensitive City Governors.

The City Authorities of Frankfort, Ky., have turned over the entire relief of the city and county to the S. A., and have arranged a big meeting in a special hall in order to raise funds to help us to do this.—O. K. Review.

Hallelujah Wedding.

The S. A. citadel was packed last night by enthusiastic officers and soldiers who joyfully came to attend the Hallelujah Wedding that was to unite two of their most popular comrades, Ensign Carl and Allen, the holy knight of contraband. Capt. Dowell had charge of the preliminary services, when some of the good old Army hymns were sung with great heartiness. The wedding party was greeted with acclamation, and after a special initiative service the words were spoken by Colonel Jacobs, assisted by Brigadier Sharp, which made the happy couple man and wife. The blushing bride was assisted by Ensign Towl, while Capt. Newman assisted the groom. After hearty congratulations Ensign McRae and Newman testified to the groom's earnestness in the work of the Master and Brigadier Sharp paid high compliments to the happy bride. With special service the meeting then adjourned, and the happy party with their friends then drove to their future residence where all were entertained. Needless to say the Herald extends its best felicitations to the newly-wedded officers.—Evening Herald, St. John, N.B.



Fishers of Men

BY CONSUL EMMA BOOTH-TUCKER.

VES, I should like to have been there when He kissed the little children! In that clustering throng of little ones, who gathered at His feet and nestled in His bosom, was represented the childhood of the world. The village babes of those Palestine mothers typified for all time the world's infancies, the needs and perversities, the woes and wants of the lambs of the flock. Christ linked Himself inseparably with childhood, for did He not become a child Himself? And with faith born of a holy childhood, in even an infant's capacity to glorify the Father and to serve the Kingdom, He gathered those Bethlehem babes into His arms, teaching them to recite their immortal words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!" Yes, I should like to have been there!

I should like to have been there when He fed the hungry! His food depots were on the mountain-top, by the sea-shore, in the wilderness waste. No suffering escaped His notice, no human woes were ignored. Even as He was tempted in all points, so He SUFFERED. And the agonized feelings of hunger were not unknown to Him. In the crowded chaos of human wreckage He stands out, not as untouched, but as "a Man of sorrows, acquainted with grief," the "Friend of sinners," the "Bread of Life," A PATTERN FOR THE AGES!

Aud when I see the crowds of 'o-day, even as I saw them at our half and Shelters this Christmas-time, with their poor, hollow faces, empty homes, and desolate hearts, I think of Him standing in their midst, the same yesterday, to-day and forever!

I should like to have been there when

He WEPT AT THE GRAVE, and for all time linked hands with the sorrowing, the bereaved and the forsaken. Those tears have been a "balm of Gilead" to countless aching, breaking hearts! And when our feet have been called to stand where His feet stood—within the silent cemetery—we have remembered Him, and our loved Lazaruses have been brought nearer to us by His tender presence, which has spanned the chasm of the tomb and linked death to life and earth to heaven!

I should like to have been there when He cleansed the leper, gave sight to the blind, healed the sick and raised the dead; when He laid His hands on those tortured with demons, and restored the crippled and deformed to their loved ones' embrace. To see the lame man leap as a deer, and to hear the dumb proclaim His promises, would have thrilled my soul with wonder and unquenchable joy! I should like to have been there!

I should like to have been there when HE PARDONED SINNERS, when He made a place at His feet for the stain-stained Magdalene, and showered His mercy upon the legion-possessed, when He looked in love upon the world-fetzed young ruler, and turned in His death-anguish to the thief upon the cross. Who among us who have been stirred with a Calvary's swelling of sympathy for the sinner could fail to have wished to have been there?

And, oh, had I been there when He entered Gethsemane—when He paused in human realization of the pent-up anguish of the bitter "eup!" And although I hold my breath at the thought of entering within the dark, thick veil of mystery and suffering, my whole soul bows in longing to have been there when He thinned on Calvary, when He cried on the cross.

Remit the anguish of that lighted stare! Close those wan lips! Let that thorn-wounded brow Stream not with blood!

Yes! Soul-rending as would have been the scene, to kneel in silent worship at that cross, I should like to have been there!

But with peculiar appreciation would I like to have mingled with those fishermen on the water-girt shores of Galilee when He, Heaven's Missionary, the Lover of men, the Saviour of sinners, commissioned those first ministers, those early Spiritual Apostles, those primitive pointers to be "fishers of men."

It would seem to me that the gentle bough which stole over that listening group was born of a realization of an eternal responsibility and of the possibility of an eternal victory. The issues of a perishing world were at stake! Redemption's plan was ripened, but it had to reach its climax in blood. It was a moment of calm, but already the storm-clouds were looming on the horizon.

I look around upon the little group, destined to take so important a place in the drama of the world's salvation. I find them much as other men. Traces of human weakness and infirmity, of daily toil and misfortune, of earthly hopes and fears, are upon their faces and forms. Untutored, inexperienced, undisciplined, they will be material for a gigantic an undertaking!

But listen to His words! The passion of a life-time's love, the zeal of a life-time's purpose, the supreme and dauntless faith of an eternity's ambition, are focused, it seems to me in that inspiring proclamation: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men!"

He Who knew the end from the beginning of human existence! He Who knew the length and breadth of human weakness, and He Who knew the powers and possibilities of love and zeal and force that are divine, uttered the clarion-call that mortal man should follow the Saviour in reaping immortal gains, that greater things than even those which they had witnessed, they should do, that the cup of His suffering they should share, and that the goal of His life and death should be reached through the medium of THEIR toil and as the result of THEIR triumphs.

Nor was the Galilee appeal in vain. The baptism of fire fell, and these fish-



CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

ing apostles "subdued kingdoms, won right righteousness, obtained promises, won their thousands of souls and laid the imperishable foundations of a world's salvation."

But even while I think upon them and my soul is stirred by their ministries extending over and remaking the fabric of society, whose devotion and self-sacrifice have, countless times, been a means of blessing to my own heart. Yes! If the Salvation Army has demonstrated nothing else, it has proven once more that even as Christ is no respecter of sinners, so is He no respecter of ministers. That is, He is as willing to use the poor and the illiterate and the frail, as He was centuries ago, providing they are prepared to come up to the same exacting conditions of serving Him, and He will go before them and stand beside them in all their travails and toils for the salvation of souls, and they shall be even as He promised, FISHERS OF MEN! Thus thousands in this our day have flocked to join that Galilean band, from the ordinary haunts and occupations of men, from the plough, from the store and even from the marble halls of culture, and the homes of luxury.



CHRIST CALLING THE APOSTLES, JAMES AND JOHN.

"And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed Him."—Matt. iv. 22.

Deep Waters.

They lab in deep waters! Their heads lay hold upon the treasures of darkness. From the fathomless depths of slumdom, of vice, of crime, of misery, or poverty, they gather the pearls of priceless worth, and find the gems that lie hidden among the wreckage of humanity.

It is the GOING DOWN that has in so peculiar a sense signified the building up of the Salvation Army. "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." And it is in the following out of this cardinal injunction to which we perhaps owe more of the example and inspiration this movement has become to the world than to anything else.

They Fish Under Difficulties.

Cast a backward glance upon the boat on the Galilean shore; its rough, ungainly appearance, its tattered sails, its water-worn hulk, seemingly so unfit to battle with the waves.

How typical of the difficulties under which many of our fisher-officers are! Not only in the mud and ooze of the Indian jungles, in the swamps of the Zulu, where the heathen coverts are you, but in the great slum centres and far-distant corners of our American battlefield. The poor little hulk, up a long flight of steps, or down into the basement where the crowd least cares to follow; the dim and imperfect light which the still more imperfect condition of finance fails to improve, the broken seats, the intense poverty of the slender income, the ordinariness, the perpetual sacrifice, the heavy cross, all intensified in its daily weight upon the sensitive spirit by the too often weak physical frame which would sink beneath the task, save for that Presence in the boat which can still silence the storm, drive back the waves of keen temptation, and strengthen in the hand that holds the net.

In all Weathers.

For have not some of the most wonderful captures been made as these dimpled fishers, in their boat, in the fury of the tempest, have sailed their way through the bitter, piercing cold of Winter and the searing heat of Summer, or have faced unflinchingly the cowardly showers of miseries, hurled with the more reckless violence because it was known they would not retaliate?

Persistent Fishing.

And what patient, long-suffering labor is often required, not only in the casting of the net, but before the safe hauling of the soul to Heaven's shore! Do our counts stand? is often asked. Not always! The strength of sin, the almost relentless temptation held round the bars of man, and the tender, bold and undaunting heart of the fisher-shepherd is required to mend the broken breach, to seek the gone astray, and to bring the prodigal home! Thousands in this way, all over the world, are being environed and upheld, whose lives are spent on the trap-door of hell, and the tittering sinner becomes, in time, a saviour of those with whom sin did naught but have surrounded him.

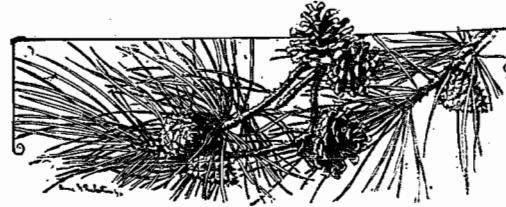
What has this kind of man, this passion for souls, led the followers of Calvary's Hero to, do, to be, to suffer? What sacrifices have been embraced, what burdens have been borne, what deeds of daring have shown the world the might of love and power divine! And looking down the long vista of the glorious past, since first those fishers of men were started on their sublime mission, what a harvest of souls we find marked with the labors of those dauntless deeds of love!

March on, willing warriors, followers of the Bleeding Lamb, saints of the Most High! Your footprints are 'amps to our feet, your example our guiding star, your triumphs our inspiration!

The Jenkins yet unreconciled by Jesus' love and Jesus' power can loudly in their need: "We catch the daily echo of their cry! It comes to us from across the seas of sin and wretchedness and sorrow.

We will not hesitate! We dare not hold back! Our heart, our soul, shall be laid open to the feet of Jesus, and we will ask from Him in return but ONE FAVOR, the priceless privilege of being enrolled among His Blood-washed missionary band as FISHERS OF MEN!

"It is not easy to see how a man who is cross to his wife and children at the supper table at 6 o'clock, can be pleasing to God in the prayer meeting at 8 o'clock."—The Watchman.



CIRCUMSTANCES

By COMMISSIONER BOOTH-CLIBORN.



HOW many there are who are in continual quarrel with circumstances, just as if happiness depended upon one's outward circumstances and was not rather the result of a certain state of heart. The unsanctified human heart continually blames its circumstances and charges them with its fruitlessness and infatuation. It says, "If I were only in other circumstances, I would be better and do caetera." If only I were spared these circumstances, if only I were in such-and-such more favorable surroundings." These souls are blind. It is not their circumstances which need changing, but their hearts. It is not that which is without which needs altering, but that which is within, and when that which is within is changed—when the heart is made right—then how different will all outward things appear!

The aspect of the world around us depends upon what sort of windows our soul looks out of, whether gray or crimson.

All Crosses are Blessings in Disguise.

Don't see only the disguise—with eyes behind and beyond.

No circumstances, however disadvantageous, can ever justify sin or be an excuse for allowing the heart to remain unchanged. Nay, more, may it not be that those very circumstances, apparently so unfavorable, were permitted of God in order that the real state of the heart might be made manifest, and that who? In order that the heart might be changed. Thus it is that the most painful, most perplexing events and circumstances, crosses and losses, bereavements and disappointments, long, wearying, galling trials, may work together for the eternal good of the soul, and no matter what or who the apparent agents may be in these cases, all can become and are meant to become helps to spiritual advancement, and, glorying in his infinites, and, glorying in his infinites, that the world becomes a new world. The things which are most painful become most precious. Those who seemed our enemies are now looked upon as friends. We see in each event something which can show us what is in our heart, or discipline and perfect us. Every cross and trial can thus be the means of unmasking the inward depths of pride, selfishness, impatience, anger, covetousness, or other sin, and lead the soul to cry out for deliverance. To the saved, every cross is a heavenly discipline, a step by which the soul is raised.

Raised Higher in the Divine Life.

Is not the perfecting of our soul's union with Him the grand object God has in view? Can any cost be counted too great to procure this highest blessing in the universe? Oh! how faithful of Him, that instead of letting our pride or selfishness ruin us, He lets it dash us against the iron bars of our spiritual prison, that we may be forced to realize that we are prisoners indeed. These bitter trials discover to us what we truly are, and that our soul is out of order in order that it may be saved.

Better to suffer here than hereafter. Better to lose much than to be lost ourselves. Better to have every fair picture marred, every hope dashed to pieces, every heart-string wrung, than to remain separated from our God, or out of fullest harmony with Him. Better to enter into life, half and maimed, than to be cast into hell.

There is no soul which seeks God alone, and God in every event, in every circumstance, and that soul is free. It is, at time or place, advantageous or disadvantageous, favorable or unfavorable, no longer exist. Because this soul lives,

All Things are Life to 't.

It is so in nature around us. The out-

A Helping Hand.

(See frontispiece.)



OPEN have I heard the words of the Psalmist quoted by enthusiastic converts and old veterans of the S. A. and the churches: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

Thank God we can say so out of the depth of our heart, welling over with gratitude to the Almighty! However, whose arm was long enough to reach us when we were still in almost hopeless reach in the depth of sin's pit. Praise God for having quenched, by His help, sin's grip. But how many remember the pit only as the terrible past from which they have been rescued, and think now only of their own safety and gain.

Only one out of the ten lepers headed by Christ out to thank Jesus for the miraculous cleansing, while the other nine apparently recognized no obligation to thank their Benefactor. So, only one out of ten possibly, even a much less percentage, of those who have been "brought out of a horrible pit" return to the Lord, and save them through a human hand outstretched as the material manifestation of the Divine Arm of deliverance. This one remembers it, and himself, turning towards the pit from which he had escaped, he casts aside all encumbrances, and unfeintful of the gaudy mouth of that pit, he humbles himself and, embracing with one hand the cross, reaches the other one down to some struggling wretch in order to likewise help him.

Christ wants His disciples to be savers of OTHERS, not savours of themselves. To effectually save others, we must first of all be fully consecrated to the service of Christ. There is no use in hanging with one arm some cherished hope, some fond ambition, some pet notion, some favorite hobby, and trying with the other hand to help some one now in the same lost condition in which we were once ourselves, with all the same mental load. Instead of helping the other man out of the pit, his weight will pull us in again. No, there must be a complete renouncing of everything and an entire consecration to the work of saving others. There must be a clinging to the Cross—not to save ourselves from sinking, but to have the necessary leverage to enable others to rise through our efforts.

My comrades, don't you see why you have failed in the past to be a soul winner, and why those whom you thought were helped by you often than an inconvenience of it? You had other main purposes in life; your thoughts and plans and toiling were for other things than your brother's salvation. Your efforts for others were more in the way of reparation, or as a secondary matter, or possibly in reluctant obedience to your conscience, which demanded a whole-hearted service, but which you tried to quieten with some sort of penitential elemen-

ts of hope, and when during the week, your fighting was as "one beating the air," and your conduct was as that of one whose heart is divided. Your body has marched mechanically, your lips have sung mechanically, your tongue has uttered the well-known testimony, but your mind has been all the time occupied with that one ruling ambition, or desire, or perhaps fear of yours. Why is it so? Because when I called you you responded to me, and became a soul winner, and walked away from the pit from which you were dug. The cries for help from those in it still were unpleasant reminders of the call of the Lover of sinners for your help. "Others could do better," you said, but YOUR work remained undone.

Consider these things now, reflect upon them, and at once, on your knees, settle it with your God that He shall not wait any longer for you, but that you will be one of those who will go down in order to lift up. During this week of the Siege, set apart for the raising of fishers of men, let your name be enrolled as one who answers the call and offers "Lord, here am I, send me!"

When a man is not disturbed by something that annoys someone else, he believes that he is good-natured.

Tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring and take root in the human heart."—Walter Scott.

Gathered from the Four Winds.

RECENT ARMY HISTORY.

From the "Tight Little Island."

A telegram from Colombo, Ceylon, announces the safe arrival of the General and party. The General has been very busy on the trip.

International Headquarters is once more found to be too small. An additional floor measuring four thousand feet has been added.

A Registration Department, where Separatists who desire to accommodate boarders, can have their address registered, has been opened in London.

The Chief-of-the-Staff led a Two Days' Field Officers' Council at Oxford. Commissioner Nicoll reports some exceptionally blessed times.

Adjutant Thomas, of the Sunderland corps, had had an exciting time with a woman who thinks she ought to marry him. She was just barely prevented from stabbing him.

From Uncle Sam's Domain.

The Commander was taken ill so suddenly that he was unable to leave Headquarters for 10 days. Mrs. Booth-Tucker remained with him. The Commander is improving, we are glad to say.

Major Boivill has received a donation of \$500 from a New York merchant for S. D.

During the recent cold spell hundreds of Army huts were thrown open each night to accommodate the outcast. In the Memorial Hall alone, in New York City, over 600 men were sheltered nightly.

Lieut.-Colonel Cozene was invited to lead a Temperance meeting in the Tremont Temple, Boston, on a recent Sunday afternoon.

The officers on Headquarters Staff were all engaged in folding and stamping the Self-Denial matter. There was a total of 1,400 working hours altogether.

From the Land of the "Marseillaise."

The General, on his way to Australia, spent a whole day in Paris, giving to Commissioners Booth - Hellberg valuable advice to push the war forward.

The Commissioners Booth-Hellberg intend to open a new corps in the North of France, at Lille.

At Besancon, a corps lately opened, during a week of special meetings, presided by Brigadier and Mrs. Peyron-Roussel, more than 15,000 persons attended the meetings.

From the Land of Coal Mines.

The Marche has presided over large and important meetings at Mons and Brussels. Although there was a well-organized opposition, the result has been victory everywhere.

At Arras, a Protestant minister offered his church for the meetings. Protestant people in French speaking countries begin to appreciate the Army and its work.

Items from the "Slope."

The Flower Festival Home, of Los Angeles, has been donated with a clear deed of the house, and the furniture, to the Young Women's Work by the Society Council. The cost of the Home, exclusive of the grounds, was \$20,000. It will be used as a Young Women's Boarding Home.

The Pacific Coast War Cry is giving its readers an illustrated account of the cities and towns of California, with brief sketches of the local corps' history.

Major Wood, of Montreal, Canadian fame, is issuing a little weekly sheet, called "Sunshine," to his officers.

A new Rescue Home has been opened in Los Angeles, by Staff-Capt. Dunham.

Scrap from "Macaroni" Land.

Capt. Lucy Hoo, speaking in the even councils led by the Chief-of-the-Staff, at Oxford, said, "I love the Italian. They are not so blind as they are painted. You find out their good qualities when you love them. Then, remember the years of cruelty and oppression under which the people have lived."

A Training Home has been founded in Turin, the Headquarters of the Salvation Army in Italy, and a batch of women Cadets have taken possession. The next batch will be one of men Cadets.



SANTA LUCIA, NAPLES, ITALY.

A NEWFOUNDLAND D. O.

Go 480 Miles by Rail, Row-Boat Dog-Sled and Snow-Shoes.

I left St. John's at 6:45 p.m. Next morning at 7 a.m. Gambil was reached. Capt. Swanbury and Lieut. Ross are pushing forward the work and people are being saved. A few months ago this corps was opened, and already quite a number of soldiers have been enrolled. Mr. Collins, an untrained man who got the S. A. to open Gambil, has been converted, and on my visit ne, with seven others, took their stand 'neath the Flag. One young man returned to the fold.

Hare Bay. After a hard walk I got to the village, and a guide for a part of the way. I got on a large pond and a storm came on. Not knowing where to go, it was rather awkward for a short time, but just at dark I was able to reach the houses. I spent the night with Bro. S. Collins and held a meeting. Seven gave me their names to become soldiers. Bro. Collins and Sgt. Wells hold meetings here.

Three Brooks. Several Wesleyville soldiers are drumming. In one of their meetings seven sought salvation, and in another three. Their winter houses were too small, and at the time of my visit they were putting up a temporary barracks by moonlight.

After leaving Hare Bay 12 p.m., rowing all night in the cold, I was glad to get to Silver Island. Mr. Wicks made us comfortable and we got to the main land.

Then off to Greenpoint. Capt. Snow and Lieut. Clark travelled. Captain Clark is supplying two souls saved. Three enrolled and Sergeants appointed. They are determined to get their Siege target.

Wesleyville was reached after some difficulty with loose ice. Had a good meeting. One enrolled.

On my return trip I accompanied the mail carriers, and after two days' hard travel we got to Gambil, very tired.

May God richly bless those who so kindly assisted me on this trip. Mr. Osmond, Bro. Collins, Father and Mrs.

Burry, Sgt.-Major and Mrs. Roberts, Sgt. Wells, and the men who so willingly gave their time to the work and Indians and their splendid dog Rover. I never will forget their kindness.

Got to St. Johns tired, but happy, after being away over 18 days.—Yours in the war and the Siege, D. P. McRae, Eu-

A Double Wedding at Neepawa.

I received a white-winged messenger announcing the marriage of Captain Mainprize and Ensign Cummings, at Neepawa, on Thursday, Feb. 16th, and also requesting me to be present.

I left Brandon at 9:45 a.m., arrived in Carberry on hour later. Sgt.-Major Bawtherwick hitched up his team. He and the Treasurer, two Indians and Capt. Stokoe along with the writer left for Neepawa. Got there in good time for the banquet.

For two hours the people flocked to eat the good things provided. The Ensign was dressed in his best uniform with a ten minutes of the ceremony. The P. O. was wanting to know if he was going to be married in his blue overalls, and asked the bride if she would take him like that, and she said, "Certainly. It was him, not his clothes, she came for."

Capt. Stokoe led off the first song and prayer, and while the second was being sung, Major McRae, the writer, I. S. Swanbury, Ensign Cummings, Capt. Mainprize, Bertha Knell and the bride's maid, Ada Howatt, walked on the platform, amid a storm of volleys and welcomes. The barracks was packed, every nook and corner was full, and the doors had to be closed.

After the Major had got them into good humor, and made a few remarks which were original, not borrowed ones, Sister Buck, from Dauphin, was asked to speak for the married people; and if what she said is the experience of every married couple, we bachelors ain't in it.

Trears, Fallis, from Carberry, came next. The Major thinks he is a likely candidate.

Capt. Swan had a pitiful tale to tell of cold stoves, frozen bread, desolate homes and in the near future expected to have things different. Capt. Stokoe had his happiest day the day after his conversion, he had experienced one son, See. See, Courted and a few weeks and said that there were only three people at his wedding, and said if there had been one person less he would'nt have had a go at all.

Sgt.-Major Donnelly sang a song and then the Major, under the Flitz, called the contracting parties to stand and repeat the solemn vows to them. Ensign Cummings and Captain Mainprize were the first to say the "I wills." They went through the ceremony very well. The only fault of the contracting parties was that the Ensign did not speak loud enough.

The kisses were given and the crowd cheered, and Capt. Mainprize and Bertha Knell were no more.

May heaven's richest blessing be upon them, and may their united lives be a blessing to many and much happiness to themselves.—Rob. Smith, D. O.

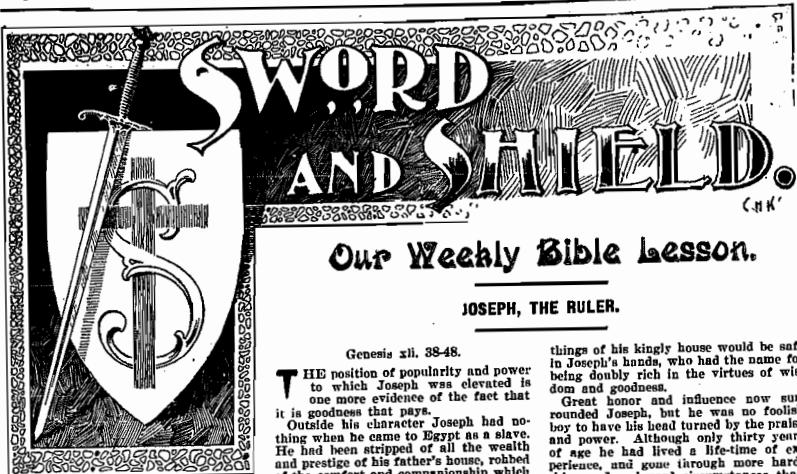
Don't give advice, give the example.

Take as much care of your health as you would of your bicycle or sewing machine.



NAPLES, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE BACKGROUND.

The General set sail from Naples on January 25th, for Australia.



HINDRANCES TO HOLINESS.

I. — Freedom from Unholy Tempers.

Galatians v. 16, 19, 20, 21; Ephesians iv. 31.

Perhaps the commonest of all hindrances to the obtaining of a clean heart, or even to the retaining of one's justification is a bad temper. It crops out in the cradle, it grows with our growth, it conquers prudence and wisdom, and policy in us, and appears, I fear, in all men.

"Good temper" is but a relative term, and the best of unseasoned men, only live with their temper enough, will display some such however faint, of anger. Will any unseasoned man also? Many a soul has doubted, and still doubts, the possibility of destroying from the human heart a passion so universal, so overmastering, so subtle.

He who believes in God, declares that this destruction is possible to the Holy Spirit of God. "I will give you a heart that doth sanctify you." "What limit God? Why doubt and hesitate longer? There is no limit to the cleansing, sanctifying power of the Spirit in your heart, except that imposed by your own unbelief.

II. — Worthless Earth's Delight and Show.

Romans xiii. 2; Leviticus xx. 24.

The return of dress to religion has been a vexed one for certainly twenty-six centuries. It is not that Christ has not settled it, over and again, for his unseasoned followers. In that sense of time, for nothing can be more explicit and direct than the teaching of His prophet and apostle on this head. But so long as vanity continues to be one of the most insidious of human necessities, there will not be wanting self-deluded Christians to make these words of God "of none effect."

In the long list of feminine adornments which he tells us "the Lord will take away" from the daughters of Zion, Isaiah places every article which marked a woman as fashionable and, those women, her dress must have remained near and pleasant. If fashionable apparel can have a relation to sin, why should God take it away from His daughters? "I never think of my dress."

Then, think about it now: think of its influence upon your weaker, more light-headed sisters, and think whether, in its open and apparent world-likeness, it is fit wearing for the servant and witness of the Galilean Carpenter.

III. — Perish Every Fond Ambition.

Isaiah III. 11; 1. Thessalonians iv. 7.

"There is no devil," once wrote a despairing girl to me. "What you call the devil is simply my wicked self. I cannot keep it under, it is always putting itself forward."

Diotrephes, who loved to have the pre-eminence, has left a larger family behind him than is generally suspected. Not only the men who are always pushing to the front in either of our assemblies, our elders, the men and women who have the same spirit, but who lack the opportunity to display it, are still possessed of the Diotrephes devil of self. It must be cast out, or over their hearts can be clean.

IV. — All my Holy Laughter, Let it be for Thee.

1. Peter i. 15, 16; Matthew xii. 34, 36, 37.

Very few people travel far on the highway of holiness without realizing in their own experience the exact and profound truth declared by James: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body."

The old appetites return no more, the old temper has entirely vanished, the old feelings and wishes have passed away, and all our life appears indeed to have changed, and yet, now and again, that new and most sensible Spirit by whom we are ruled and guided, seems but a chance word. "What else can talk?" We were not gossipping; not a thought of slander had come to our minds—and yet! The lines of action seem broad, and heavily marked, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not mistake them. But where falls the delicate halfline of speech? There is light to show even that, if we will resolutely put aside all vials of habits, and fix our eyes steadfastly on the light Source. It is not possible for one human being to trace that line for all the world, but if our souls are given over entirely to the guidance of God's Spirit, He will trace it for us each.

Weekly Watchword:

Strong in the Lord.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

To thy saints while here below, With new years new nurseries come: But the happiest year they know Is the last, which leads them home.

MONDAY.

My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

I glory in infirmity, That Christ's own power may rest on me.

When I am weak, then I am strong: Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

TUESDAY.

I am the Lord, thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. Isa. xlvii. 17.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me by Thy powerful hand.

WEDNESDAY.

He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him who freely give us all things? Rom. viii. 32.

My soul, ask what thou wilt; Thou canst not be too bold; Since His own blood for the He spilt, What else can He withhold?

THURSDAY.

If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. Mark ix. 23.

Oh, for a strong and lasting faith, To credit what the Almighty saith; To embrace the message of His Son, And call the joys of heaven my own.

FRIDAY.

The Lord is a sun and a shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. Psal. lxxxi. 11.

While Fear hints, "There's something that God will deny," "No good thing," is Faith's most decided reply; Whether He withholds is most wisely denied; How full is the promise, "The Lord will provide!"

SATURDAY.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths. Prov. iii. 6.

Each future scene to Thee I leave; Sufficeth 'tis to know Thou canst from every evil save, And every good bestow.

Genesis xlii. 38-48.

THE position of popularity and power to which Joseph was elevated is one more evidence of the fact that it is goodness that pays.

Outside his character Joseph had nothing when he came to Egypt as a slave. He had been stripped of all the wealth and prestige of his father's honored role, of the comfort and compensation which were his by right; he had nothing to project in his favor or gain him a first step on the road to fortune. Yet Joseph had that possession which having, all other qualifications though desirable, may be done without, and without which all other things are lacking and tend rather to destroy than to build up a young man's future. He was good—not supercilious or because he found it conventionally convenient to be so—and had the courage to abide by his own convictions of righteousness on all and every point.

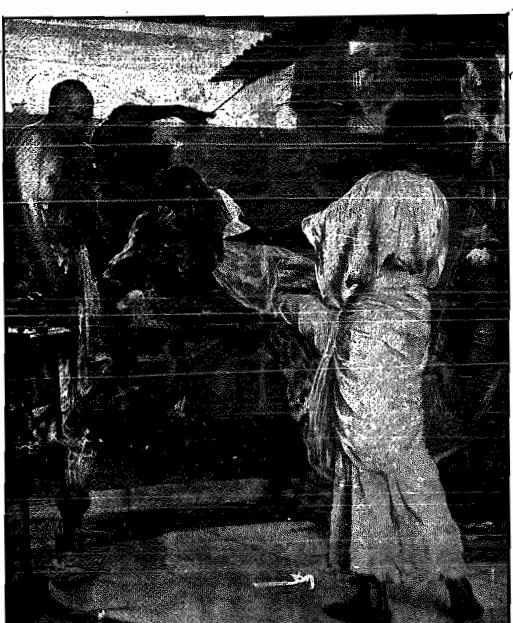
Such conscientiousness must succeed. Fidelity to principle is the great essential to a victorious life, and if it does not always bring all it did to Joseph, a great sphere of influence and renown, it will ensure an ineffaceable impression for God and goodness being left upon the sphere which the soul does occupy and guarantee the confidence of all good hearts around him.

Another right character compels the trust too, in a sense, even of the worldly and more unscrupulous. When the critical hour arrives and the man has to trust his money, his value, his reputation into some one's hands, he selects the man whose honesty of heart and integrity of purpose have given him a blameless report, as well as a character for a position of competent trust. Pharaoh felt the

things of his kingly house would be safe in Joseph's hands, who had the name for being doubly rich in the virtues of wisdom and prudence.

Great honor and influence now surrounded Joseph, but he was no foolish boy to have his head turned by the praise and power. Although only thirty years of age he had lived a life-time of experience, and gone through more hardships and awkward circumstances than many people twice his age. The trial and suffering had been fitting Joseph from the very first for this position. God, who had the prominent place in store for His young servant, had tested him in the difficulty and proved him in the trial. The most trying times of Joseph's life had served his character to good purpose. Suffering had made him strong. People who are able to go through peril, perplexity and pain, and can go through them bravely, are those whom God and man can trust to occupy positions of power over the lives of others. To fret at the troubles which confront us to-day, may be to put aside the possibilities of the future for which courage in that trouble was to fit us.

If the Heavenly Gardener has lopped off some of the branches, and cleared away some leaves, never fear, for it is that thou shalt bear more fruit; He who knows the end from the beginning makes no mistakes; He does not give His loved ones a turn too much in the furnace, nor a Gethsemane too much of loneliness or suffering. HE doeth all things well. Did He not say, "There are first which shall be last, and last that shall be first."



JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM.

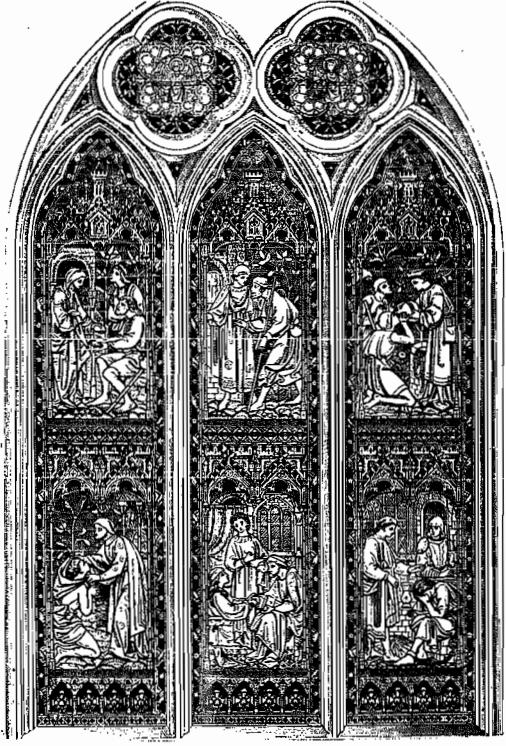
Gen. xlii. 14-16.

The Window of Mercy.

By SOPH.

In a church at Harpenden, England, there may be seen a beautiful stained glass window, called the Window of Mercy, so named from the deeds of mercy depicted in its panels. The idea was suggested by the words of our Saviour, when, in describing the Judgment Day, He said that the standard of true merit shall be :

He's lost what he had loved the best.
A starled peasant passing there
Inquires the reason of his sighs.
"My gold ! My gold ! They've stolen
all !"
"Your treasure ? What is it, and
where ?"
"Why, buried underneath this stone.
Gold comes but slowly, quickly goes ;
I never touched it." "Gracious me !"
Replied the starler, "Why, if you say true,
Sir, watched ? But, if you say true,
You never touched it, plain the case :
Put back the stone upon its place,
'Twill be the very same to you !"



THE WINDOW OF MERCY.

I was an hungry, and ye gave Me meat :

I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink : I was a stranger, and ye took Me in :

Naked, and ye clothed Me :

Was sick and ye visited Me :

I was in prison, and ye came unto Me.

If these things ARE the touchstone of the true value of our salvation, then the name, Window of Heaven, is a most significant one indeed. It means that these acts of mercy are the true reflection of God's love in our souls, and as the windows of this church are the means of letting into the interior of the worshippers, so the deeds, not the words, of the disciples of Jesus form the window through which the light of God is seen by the sinner and unbeliever.

In other words, the follower of Christ is the truly rich man, for real wealth is displayed in the USE of possessions.

He sets His capital of love and compassion into circulation and earns high interest with it. He continually gives out and receives back with profit. He uses His two or three, or five talents and doubles them in a short time.

Not so with selfish man, the peculiar or the spiritual miser. His poverty is truly illustrated in the words of the well-known fable :

By gold the miser was so little blessed ; Not its possessor, but by it possessed ;

He buried it a fathom under ground ;

His heart was with it ; his delight

To ruminare upon it day and night ;

A victim to the altar over bound.

One fine day the miser came, his soul Glowing with joy ; he found his

nest :

Burst into tears, and sobs, and cries,

He frets, and tears his thin, grey hair :

Yes, in spite of his hoarding, the miser is the greatest pauper. He has one talent, and, full of distrust, is afraid to use it ; he buries it, expecting that with nothing he will gain another talent ; but that is impossible, unless he either steals or deceives, for in the spiritual realm it is the same as in the commercial world—value for value, and interest added for the moral and physical labor in the transaction.

But there is another class of people, who are between the two kinds spoken of before, they are

The Cautious Christians.

We have first the generous, second the miserly Christian; of course these terms are applied in their wide sense. Now, the cautious Christian holds a very different position between the two. He has certain talents, but his position does not allow him to trust to full advantage. In the Salvation Army the clowns of soldiers are the ought-to-be Candidates ! They are young ; they are fairly strong ; they are saved ; they love God and souls ; they have some gifts—whether they be knowledge, or plain speech, or music, or oratory, or insight, or whatever they be—yet, they are contented to spend ten hours and more a day in the endeavor to get money and provide for this world's uncomfortable home. They like themselves to be called in life, leaving only a few hours during the week to the seeking of the lost and the blessing of the needy, while before them lies the golden, priceless opportunity of throwing in their life and all they have with the Salvation Army, and, as officers, help in the great task of bringing the world to Christ.

They are not only bringing out their talents once in a great while, to remind

them that they have them, but few people are the better for it.

Of course, these cautious ones have many plausible reasons to offer, why they are not willing to be reckoned such as: "Many beside the day of salvation ; Can live just as good lives as soldiers ; Had a special call from God ; There are others who are more gifted ; Charity begins at home ; What is to become of him when worn out in the service ; Who will support his wife and family if he dies in the Field ? and so on in like manner.

This is only ONE reply to be made to all these excuses, and it is this : If the cries of the oppressed, the groans of the suffering, the curses of the vicious, the tears of the wronged, the sneers of the sceptic, the wretchedness of the poor, the pleadings of the hungry, the calls of the prisoners, and the boast of corruption all around us do not mould themselves into one great heart-piercing call of God for YOU, then the very stones will cry out against your indifference.

success regarding the "least of these My brethren."

To the front ! the cry is ringing,
To the front ! YOUR PLACE IS

THEIR ;
In the conflict-men are wanted,
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer.
Selfish ends shall claim no right
From the battlefield to take us ;
Foe shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God will make us.

What He Left.

A very rich man has just died, and some gentlemen were discussing the probable amount of his estate.

"Well, I wonder what he left," said one.

"I know !" replied a thoughtful friend by his side.

"What ?" was the anxious enquiry.

"Everything !" was the significant reply.



THE MISER.

"IT'S A FINE THING TO BE SAVED!"

One Sabbath morning in Glasgow—a nice, quiet morning; all the shops shut, no buses, no cabs, no carts, and the kirk bells ringing—there was amongst the rest of the worshippers an old Scotch woman wending her way along to God's house, as she had done for years. Bible in one hand and her handkerchief in the other. She was walking along in the most respectable Scotch fashion to the kirk, when suddenly up came the Salvation Army. I love them—but they are not quiet. Whatever they are or are not, no one ever blamed them for being quiet; and they were going at a grand tangent, with their arms sometimes walking backwards and making the procession ring. When the decent old lady, quiet and demure, got somehow into the procession, and a man jumped nearly his own height into the air, and gave a tremendous shout of "Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! It's a fine thing to be saved!"

The Old Lady Just gave a Shiver.

"Ah !" she said, "Did you ever hear like of that ?" Well, now, what was wrong ? He didn't say it quietly in the kirk; he didn't say it behind the prayer-book—he just yelled it. "Hallelujah ! It's a fine thing to be saved!" If that man had had his peace, the stones of the street would have immediately cried out. It IS a fine thing to be saved; and we must carry our religion not only to church and behind the hymn-book on Sunday, but in the streets and to our business. That decent old lady would say the same thing. "It's a fine thing to be saved!" ten minutes later, in her kirk, when the minister went round on the fourteenth Psalm in Second Cor. We are terribly flogged up and tied in ! Hallelujah ! It's a fine thing to be saved ! It is the greatest of all possible blessings. May your eyes water for it; may your heart yearn for it !

—From "Life in a Look," a sermon by the Rev. John McNoll, preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle during the present Great London Mission, on January 21, 1898.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

ENSIGN MCGAIG, Newfoundland, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN KENWAY, Newfoundland, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN NEWMAN, Newfoundland, to be ADJUTANT.

Lieutenant Tessie Glass promoted to Glory from Portage la Prairie, Jan. 19th, 1899.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Welcome Home!

All Headquarters, from the message by Cecil up to the Territorial Secretary, is rejoicing over the safe return of our brave leader, the Field Commissioner, our genial Chief Secretary, and Staff-Capt. Morris, the musical A. D. C. of the Commissioner, to the centre. The name of the difficulties encountered by Miss Booth is Legion, and if the Prince of the Air has anything to do with the weather, he did certainly put forth his best effort to upset the arrangements and prevent the meetings, which he knew would mean much damage to his kingdom. Needless to remark, he failed. We recommend the report on the opposite page to the perusal of our readers, and wish to state here that Miss Booth found it impossible to write up her meetings in and impressions of Newfoundland herself, as she originally intended, on account of the reaction of the heavy campaign, which left her rather in a weak state. There appears now to be no cause to fear a serious illness, although such was rather apprehended on the Sunday after the Commissioner's return. We would ask all comrades to pray for the Commissioner, who so unspuriously has given the best of her time, strength and thought for the advance of the Territory in every particular of S. A. warfare. The Field Commissioner, the Chief Secretary and Staff-Capt. Morris are unanimous in their assertion that the tour on the whole has been most remarkable one, surpassing all that has been known in the records of S. A. warfare in Newfoundland. The reports of the meetings conducted at Springhill Mines, Newcastle and Quebec on the return journey from Newfoundland will appear in the next edition of the War Cry.

A Ghost Laid.

For some years our London (Ont.) troops have been restricted in their open-air operations to one particular spot in that city, the Chief-of-Potée telling them that there was a by-law which prohibited the holding of street meetings anywhere else but in that certain place. Our Provincial Officer, Major Southall, was greatly chagrined over this exception which London made among the cities of Ontario, and he determined to make an appeal to the City Council to have the by-law repealed. He was especially encouraged in this by the fact that the mayor and the aldermen (at least, nearly all of these gentlemen) are friends of the Army and its work, as evidenced only last year in the action which gave the Army the privilege of conducting meetings in the park. The matter was duly laid before the Council; many of the most favorable testimonials of the Com-

cils of other cities had been obtained with regard to the unrestricted freedom of the S. A. to hold their open-air on any street corner, and of the "good conduct" and estimable work done by our organization, and a time was appointed for the discussion of the affair by the city fathers—when at this juncture a search for the obnoxious by-law revealed the fact that it did not exist! Fancy, the Chief-of-Potée threatening the S. A. with that ghost! We heard that that worthy official had read the "by-law" to one of our former P. O.'s, but we are inclined to believe that it was the Riot Act or something like it—anyway, it does not matter much now, since the ghost has been laid; we only hope that the spectre will not retaliate and now haunt the Chief-of-Potée.

The Easter War Cry.

The news of the special Easter War Cry had hardly been out, and a letter giving some description of it to the officers had only time to reach the nearest corps and allow time for an answer, when already a plucky F. O. sends in an extra order for two hundred copies of the special number, and that comes from a place which ordinarily takes only 125 copies weekly! Well done, Pembroke! Your faith shall not be without reward. The presses have been going for several days already printing the cover—it will be a thing of beauty and joy for everybody who buys it. By the way, have YOU done anything to help to make the Easter Cry interesting? If not, you can make up for it by pushing it, and the Editorial Office will absolve you for the neglect of the former.

General Secretary and Staff Give the Women's Social a Cheer.

Wednesday night a most enjoyable evening of music and song at the Industrial Home, led by Brigadier Compton, members of his staff, and other H. Q. officers. Much pleasure expressed by officers, inmates, and visiting girls. Cordial invitation to "Come again."—Brigadier Mrs. Read.

HAMPTON OPENED.

Several friends of the Salvation Army and a few soldiers who have stood true to the Flag, have been petitioning us to re-open this place, so we made arrangements to do so on Saturday and Sunday, the 18th and 19th February.

The first shot was fired in the open-air on the Saturday night. A good crowd listened as Major Collier, Ensign Perry, Capt. Andrews and Cadet Adams sang and spoke. Away we went to the new Orange Hall, the lower part of which had been fixed up expressly for the Salvation Army. We had a good meeting, but as it was election night the crowd was smaller than it otherwise would have been.

Three good meetings were held on the Sunday with deep conviction, but none would yield, although several told the writer that they would soon come and take their stand for God, and we believe this is in print some of them will have done so.

The people are very kind and much interested in our work, and will stand by Capt. Andrews and her assistant, and do what they can to help on the war. God bless Hampton!—T. H. Collier, Major.

EN AVANT!

Adj. Robert announces that she has secured a vacant store on St. Lawrence St., in the first block above Sherbrooke St., where the meetings of the French corps will be held after May 1st. It will be suitably furnished in the meantime and will make a nice hall—Montreal Witness.

The Siege at Old No. 1.

Eight days' special meetings were commenced Sunday at old No. 1, Staff Captain Croighton in charge, assisted by a number of Headquarters' Staff. The meetings were well attended. At night seats had to be placed in the aisle to accommodate the crowd. The visible results of the day's fight were three souls in the Fountain, crowded hall, finances nearly doubled. Monday night hall about full. One soul.—A. McLean, Adj.

THE SIEGE AT ST. KITTS.

This week has been a glorious week for the S. A. war. Monday night surpassed everything in S. J. demonstration. Crowded house. S. M. Berry brought the noise down when she played her hand organ. Everybody enjoyed themselves. J. S. Locals worked hard, and the Sergt.-Major sold 150 tickets. Saturday night Locals had the meeting led off by J. S. Sergt.-Major. She gave a reading of "The Old Crab" and the "Young Crabs," out of All the World. Sunday holiness meeting turned into a red-hot prayer meeting. At night was the crowning time. The J. S. Sergt.-Major had a target of ten souls in the Fountain, and \$10 collection. The "Robes" went off without a hitch. We even had a few red-hot prayer meetings. On come one poor drunkard, named Janious. Here comes two more. Here comes another backslider, and when we wound up there were twelve girls and two boys, and two brothers, making sixteen souls in the Fountain. The J. S. Locals are rejoicing. This has been a wonderful week of the Siege.—Pub. Sergt.-Major.

Here and There.

New South Wales contains more flowering plants than all Europe.

Montreal had two hundred and seventy-five frozen hydrants one morning during the cold spell.

There are in the United States over 50 distinct secret orders, with more than 70,000 lodges, and 5,000,000 members.

The loss of small Texas farmers by the recent blizzard is placed at \$1,000,000.

In making the average trip around the world, a traveller covers about 22,000 miles.

In several sections around Havana the soil produces five crops of vegetables in a year.

Since the beginning of this century no less than 52 volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Nineteen of that number have disappeared, and 10 are now inhabited.

For the seven months of the fiscal year ended January 31, the total foreign trade of Canada was \$103,017,000, against \$184,962,000 in the same period of the previous year, an increase of \$11,000,000.

Admiral Cervera is to be court-martialed in Spain because he lost his fleet off Santiago.

Rudyard Kipling, the renowned poet, has been dangerously ill in New York.

The Pope of Rome thanks God for the revival of the Catholic Religion among the High Church followers of England.

The American deficit on account of the late war with Spain will total 150 million dollars.

Major Hargrave at Old No. 1.

(Special.)

A real day of victory at Richmond St. Sunday. Meeting conducted by Major Hargrave. One hundred and twenty persons present that night with the League Band, the hotel-keeper again asked for the song; the Ensign obliged him. He wanted to take the whole band or a dozen free of charge, and was ready to do anything he possibly could for their comfort. May God bless and save the saloon-keepers.—C.



SHE: "John, I believe you love that War Cry more than you love me. You are almost dead to it."

HE: "Hardly; you are much dearer to me. This Cry costs only the price of one of your dress buttons."

Chips from the G. S. Department.

Adj. BARR, commander of the Men's Social Institution at Victoria, has had a tremendous fight to keep things afloat lately. There is a great scarcity of wood amongst the merchants there, and the Adjutant and his assistant have tramped any number of miles trying to buy wood. Just when they got to their extremity God blessed them by enabling them to get sufficient to supply their demands. Adj. Barr has put the institution in a fine line with the Victoria Shelter, and we have faith to believe that he will make both the Shelter and the Wood Yard in connection with it, a model affair. He says in a letter, "We are endeavoring our hardest to 'get there,' and moving that way."

The Men's Food and Shelter, at Montreal, commonly known as "Joe Bee's Converted," is pushing on with Siege fighting. Morning prayers are held, and a morning and afternoon meeting conducted on Sunday. Every man in the house attends the Sunday afternoon meeting, which numbers about 100 men. There is another meeting on Wednesday night attended by all the men. A poor drunkard recently got converted. A good work is being done by personal interviews.

Brigadier Mrs. Read visits Peterboro on March 4th, 5th and 6th. We prophesy a very successful time. It will well repay the Peterboro comrades to hear the Women's Social Secretary.

Adj. Aikenhead has been hastily called away from Peterboro to visit his father, who is reported to be dying. The Lord comfort her in her sore trouble. Capt. Susie French is leading on the forces at Peterboro.

Adj. Geo. Dodd, who is in charge of the Food and Shelter Depot at Spokane, writes:

"Please write me doing my best for God and souls. We have two meetings a week. Last Sunday night we had the joy of pointing two souls to the Blood, and THEY GOT WASHED CLEAN. Glory!"

The health of Mrs. Adj. Dodd has improved much since she went there.

Ensign Kendall, who has taken charge of Quebec Men's Shelter, writes full of hope for the success of the Siege in his community. He has not had time to do much yet, but will be heard from. He speaks in the highest terms of the impression created by the Field Commissioner's visit.

The first application for Corps Cadetship in connection with the Siege arrived in the G. S. Department on 27th Feb. It came from East Ontario Province. The applicant's name is Josephine Mulren.

He was a saloon-keeper, but he had a HEART in him—he was too good for his business. When two lasses came along and sang to him the song:

"Where'er you chance to meet,
A poor drunkard on the street,"
he proffered them 50¢, for singing it. Some time afterwards Ensign Griffith passed that way with the League Band, the hotel-keeper again asked for the song; the Ensign obliged him. He wanted to take the whole band or a dozen free of charge, and was ready to do anything he possibly could for their comfort. May God bless and save the saloon-keepers.—C.



THE FIELD COMMISSIONER IN NEWFOUNDLAND

**Immense Difficulties to "Get There"—Enormous Crowds—Everywhere Packed Halls—Penitent-Forms Filled with Seekers
—57 Souls at St. Johns—An Unsurpassed Record in the S. A. History of the Island.**

CHE as far as the eye could see. The tossing hillocks of the blue Atlantic were sheeted in their smooth mantle, and the whirling winds despatched.

It is usually busy port frost-imprisoned. Every day upon its slippery brink some watcher's gaze was strained to catch some glimpse of the long-delayed steamer, which days since should have brought its way from the land that lay on the other side of the white glittering waste, and by this time be on its return journey. Within a Sydney homestead Newfoundland's long-expected guest waited impatiently as could well be, knowing as she did, that over the ice-locked island her expectant people seemed doomed to disappointment, and her own planned tour to draw to an unlifiting end ere it had started. Three days passed, and still the steamer did not come—gave no sign of smoke or sail. If zero temperature and whirling hurricane had taken to themselves voice they could hardly have declared their apparent verdict more plainly—thus far and no further.

Scrape, thud, bump, crash. The gallant little Bruce is at last forging a passage through. Track there is none, though she is retracing her voyage with but few hours' interval at North Sydney. Well, it is not for me to decide if it would be hard to bring oneself at all into the seat in the centre of an Arctic ice-field. How our steel eldritch man makes it way through ice which varies from two to three feet in thickness is a mystery—somehow thefeat is accomplished, though not without creaks and groans at every effort which vibrate through the vessel from stem to stern, and wake torturing echoes in the passengers' suffering heads. For sixty miles the strait goes on—the longest journey of the Bruce's record, and then the open sea is reached—and the open hurricane.

The steamer is tossed to and fro like a toy upon the waves' furled lashing. Those who had called themselves good sailors during the passage through the ice, now succumbed to the swinging snares of that blinding storm. Nearly everybody was sick—the Field Commissioner alarmingly so. A fellow passenger declared that sympathetic with her illness suffered quite frightened their own sickness away.

At last a cessation comes to the constant grinding of the persistent screw—eager eyes peer out into the night, but no harbor is in

sight. "You dangerous to go any further just now," says the Captain, and for six hours the Bruce is huddled to and fro like an anchored shuttlecock.

But even to such a sea-voyage there comes an end and Placentia wharf is made—hours later than the prescribed time, and pulling together what is left the passengers crawl out onto the frozen tundra. On the ice-land a well-known figure of sturdy build, Brigadier Sharp. The Brigadier is a Scotchman and, like others of his countrymen, can "bide his time." All the same we fancy that some anxiety lifted from his face as our ship, crystallized from masthead to watermark, hove in sight, and the beam which brightened his benign countenance spoke volumes of relief from the gloomy suspense of two days' hope deferred.

Three a.m. Sunday morning. The snow is drifting and a blizzard blowing about the little railway station at Harbour Grace. Newfoundlanders are no lie-a-beds of a Sunday morning, but thus early even the earliest knie-driller is yet unseen. Unusual activity is going on under the cover of the dark bluster. A sleigh is waiting at the depot door, and a distressed sleigh-driver running up and down, shouting for passengers. Lighted from the train, now tardily arrived, naked anxiously, "Which is her?" No need of a name. All Harbour Grace could have told whom he was looking for, for was not the whole town eyes and ears to see and hear Miss Booth? It seemed to have turned out almost en masse to the meetings later in the day. Nor were the eager crowds disappointed. That sleigh-driver had not searched a single house, however, in the town. The Commissioner was increasibly cold and weak and exhausted with her journey, she yet made a brave fight. The impression left for God and the Flag was no transient one. As to the local corps, their warm hearts yet kindle in the thought of the battle they were privileged to fight under the personal command of their leader. We use the word battle advisedly. No other term would imply a prayer meeting with Newfoundland soldiers for the sake of Newfoundland sinners.

"Make room for the Colonel!" It was easy to say, but how was such to be made? Aides and doorways are blocked, and everybody occupies just about half the space that seems within the range of physical possibility. The crowd in and about the Orange Hall was a terrific sight, and a more terrific experience when it came to wedging oneself through. The Chief Secretary and Staff-Capt. Morris reluctantly declined to be made to give way to someone. Caribou as the scene of some severe damage done to their ribs. When once in, their only means of exit was through the window. Just how the Commissioner was got within the doors and up to the platform must remain a mystery. It was a wonderful meeting. Divine influences played over it—the Commissioner was inspired—the soldiers at belling pitch. The building was jammed to the close—and the prayer meeting no easy matter to engineer. In the scut of a hard light fires the zeal

of a Newfoundland to white heat. It is a question whether for hand to hand Salvation War they have their equal in the world. At Carbonerue a lined penitent form was the blessed result.

"Miss Booth will visit Brigus!" The large-lettered little cards had swept the quinic little out-harbor into a flutter of anticipation. Its characteristics are usually somewhat sedate, as becomes the peaceful abode of many a winter-beaten colony. On the ice-land a well-known figure of sturdy build, Brigadier Sharp. The Brigadier is a Scotchman and, like others of his countrymen, can "bide his time." All the same we fancy that some anxiety lifted from his face as our ship, crystallized from masthead to watermark, hove in sight, and the beam which brightened his benign countenance spoke volumes of relief from the gloomy suspense of two days' hope deferred.

Close on midnight, but the hall is yet brilliantly lighted and the meeting at full swing. Through the windows out onto the still, frosty air, come sounds of music and dancing. Inside this is literally what is going on. The prayer meetings, right over, the half-lighted wind-up so dear to the heart of a Newfoundland is on. The scene is one of glee. It has been a glorious meeting, and everybody is joining in. Eusign Welsh and the babies, Willie and Pearl, are tripping to the time, while the Chief Secretary is footit in fine style. The sturdy Newfoundlanders, who are jumping, shouting, singing to the inspiring strains of—

"Come now, prodigal, come home!" are putting as much heart into their praise as an hour since they did in their prayer. Excitement is high, for even their beloved Commissioner, whose appeal that night has been so blessedly owned of God, is keeping time to the chorus. It is a marvellous scene—it's happiness evident to everybody possessing eyes and ears—it's full significance only to be grasped by a heart in tune with the liberty which the island warriors of the Free exhibit and enjoy. Pain would be longer than such a ground, for this is the renowned Bay Roberts corps, which has given thirty officers to the Territory's service, and has at the present time a swartwot soldierly of two hundred and eighty-five.

Another expectant throng at a railway station. This time St. Johns, and the crowd is huge one. To detail the jorneys of the little party for whom that crowd waited as they have gone from place to place, and that is profitable, more that is interesting. We will not say how much that is amusing would be included. Our space forbids but a bare mention of such characters as one David McRae, otherwise Adjutant, who proved himself a Jack-of-all-trades on the travelling. He it was who procured for the Commissioner that invariable cup of tea after the meetings, with



or without the aid of a stove, beguiled the tedium of the long railway journeys for Willie and Pearl, and served the wretchedly impatient with the accepted idea of a man supposed to be on rest. But there were others who, like McRae, did all that lay in or out of their power to compass the comfort of their Commissioner or aid the success of her campaign, and we must not stay, for St. Johns' crowd is waiting.

The solid phalanx of uniformed men and women drawn up and around the station is a splendid show. There is a serious and soldierly, with some uniform—most of them being in full regalia. Adjt. Dowell, to whose capable arrangements much credit for the ever memorable campaign which followed is due, looked with pride, as well he might, upon his martialled corps. They were such as any leader might feel proud of, and we think the Commissioner's heart felt something of such as she passed through the enthusiastic ranks, who cheered and cheered again as she smiled and waved back at them.

These meetings as the climax of the Newfoundland Campaign had naturally been looked forward to with tremendous anticipation. The news of the remarkable crowds and record-breaking enthusiasm which had attended the Commissioner's previous appointments in the Island had rolled the ball of expectation bigger and bigger. That St. Johns was to be equal to and ahead of all that had gone before, a foregone conclusion with everybody.

There were some circumstances which, on their face, were not of the brightest. One was the weather. This was as grim and unpromising as protracted blizzards could make it. Local authorities gave their word that such weather had never been known in Newfoundland for half a century. I don't think the soldiers even gave the thought a consideration, but there may have been some people who wondered how many would venture out. Then Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, the popular Evangelists, were holding a mission in a church hard by, and there may have been others who

(Continued on page 12.)



STAFF-CAPTAIN MORRIS,
Private Secretary to the Commissioner.

Sin's Consequences.

By RUTH.

It was on a cold, raw day, late in the Fall, when a young Army lassie, who had been sent by a friend to a table in the officers' quarters, suddenly arose, closed the Roll Book and putting on her cloak and bonnet, passed out into the street. Her errand was to look up the backsliders, and try to induce them to come to the meetings, and back to God. It was called a "hard go," this little lassie, but her undaunted faith she had told on, and now the presence of the Lord and the power of the Spirit was being made manifest.

The wind blew lustily, as she made her way from one street to another, finally stopping before a gloomy looking house. A gentle rap at the door brought a fair, delicate-looking woman to it.

"Come in, Captain. I am so glad you have called. The baby is so sick and I cannot leave it to get out to meetings. My poor husband, you know, is a backslider."

God's little messenger waited quietly until the woman told her all about her troubles, knowing that oftentimes the best way to relieve an overcharged heart is to let it pour itself out uninterrupted by another sympathetic one.

"Yes, dear," she answered at last quietly, "you must things dark to you just now, but here is it with your own soul: are you all right?"

"Praise God, I am all right, my hope is in Him," the woman replied.

After they had knelt together and poured out their souls to God, they peeped into the bed where lay tiny babe, fair and white as a sweet snowdrop.

"I am afraid I shall never raise her," said the mother, and the large eyes dropped down on the coverlet, as she looked at the pale face of her darling. With a tender kiss and a few words of comfort the Captain left.

A few days after the message came,

"Baby is Dead;

Will you come to-morrow and lead the funeral service?" At the time appointed she went to the house of death. The tiny coffin stood upon two chairs, and the broken-hearted parents sobbed aloud as they knelt to the form of their baby. After the service was over a solemn dirge stopped, and on stepping out the Captain saw two tiny snow-covered graves side by side, and a third, freshly-dug, lay open to receive the little coffin. The precious body was committed to the dust and as the elds dropped with a thud upon the casket the sorrow of the parents was most unbearable. "Oh, Captain," a soldier's widow, her father, "this is the third little one we have laid in the grave this last few years. All about the same age. Ever since I have been a backslider God has dealt with us."

"Then, why will you not come back to Him? Why will you be stricken again?"

"I must come back, yet," he answered, and as the grave elds shovelled in the last spadeful of earth the Captain took the car and drove off to their desolate home. As the Captain farewelled soon after, she did not have the joy of knowing that this poor backslider was restored to God.

Surely this story proves the truth of those solemn words, "Your iniquities have turned away these things, and your sins have withheld good things from you." How many a vacant chair, how many a fresh-dug grave, how many a world, how many a fresh footprint in the snow by the side of a loved one's grave that need not be. The pure spirit has to be transferred to the land of light, that the tear-dimmed eye of the mourner may follow it to where the Lamb that sits on the Throne enfolds it in His loving arms, and the poor, shrinking heart to be left empty and desolate before it can find the consolation of God. Many a crushing grief comes because of someone's sin.

Reader, have thy good things been withheld, or taken from thee? Has the light of thine eyes been removed from thy vision? Then hear the tender voice of thy Lord, when thy wounded spirit cries out in its agony, "Why, why is it thus with me?" speaking, "Your iniquities have turned away these things, and your sins have withheld good things from you." Jer. v. 23. Then turn to Him. He has promised "No good

thing will He withhold from them who walk uprightly." Seek His favor, not from any selfish motive, for He reads thy desires. But let the goodness of thy Lord lead thee to repentance. Then listen what He says: "He opens an avenue to discipline, and . . . an avenue that they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasure." Job xxxvi. 11. Even then there may have to come other dealing of the Lord with the spirit, but how vastly different! The dear saint Haverhill says:

"Yes, there is tribulation, but Thy power can blend it with rejoicing; There are thorns, but they have kept us in the narrow way, The King's highway of holiness and grace; And there is chastening, but the Father's love flows through it. And would any trusting heart forego the chastening, and forego the love?"

And every step leads on to "more and more,"

From strength to strength Thy pilgrim pass and sing The praise of Him Who leads them on and on. From glory unto glory, even here!"

A Bird's-Eye View of Spokane, Wash.

Your correspondent recently arrived in Spokane, where his attention was called to the large number belonging to, and the great interest manifested in, the Salvation Army.

Just now the Army is in the midst of a Siege, and special efforts are being put forth to bring sinners to God, and in this way many are forsaking their sin.

The Army is also conducting a Rescue Home and Shelter, where the poor and unfortunate are taken in and cared for.

The Mayor of the city has become greatly interested in the management of the Army, and has recommended to the City Council the necessity and desirability of making an appropriation.

This is a move in the right direction, and should be imitated by other cities.

The Shelter is located on Front St., in a large, commodious, three-story brick building, and has an average of about 40 boarders and roomers. Meals and beds are obtained at a small cost, either in money or work, the destitute being furnished with temporary employment in the wood yard and assisted to positions in the city and country.

At present the Shelter is under the supervision of Adj't. and Mrs. Dodd, as directed by Capt. and Mrs. Lacy, and is in a flourishing condition.

Under the present management many needed improvements have been inaugurated, which greatly add to the beauty and home-like appearance of the institution.

Too much cannot be said in favor of these people, as the good they are doing cannot be over-estimated, and it is gratifying to know that the public is beginning to see and appreciate the good wrought by them. Long may they live to enjoy the fruition of their labor. From one who was there.



"Me join them? Now, who do you think I am?"

May He teach us how to die to live; how to sink in ourselves to rise in Him; how to be empty enough to receive His fullness that He Himself may give us in mouth and wisdom that all our enemies cannot gainsay or resist." Then we shall only be the instrument, and He the almighty worker; what wonderful works the world shall see when it is "not I but Christ."—R. C. Black.

Siege Siftings

From Brigadier Bennett's Domain.

Cornwall.

Adj't. Bradley met me at the train. As we walked into the town we met

Adj't. Bradley busy selling War Cry and pushing the war. Saturday's meeting was a good time, but still dull.

Adj't. Bradley said, "God was with us in a special manner."

Adj't. Bradley said, "At knee-drill

there was a fine crowd,

and they knew how to pray. One sister found the blessing of sanctification. At eleven we had the covenant service, which was a most blessed time. The afternoon meetings were also attended, and, indeed, brought salvation. Between the afternoon and evening service the Adj't. and I visited one of the comrades who was near death's door, but his soul was right with God, and in spite of his weakness of body, he was happy in the love of Jesus. Sunday night a backslider and three children prayed for mercy. The brother told us of the thing that made him stumble, but he said he was determined to run no race to be a true soldier. Some of the comrades put a garrison on him in the pentitent form, and he went home in uniform.

Adj't. and Mrs. Bradley have commenced cottage meetings, and are preparing five souls for salvation. Cornwall comrades mean victory.

Montreal I.

A half-night of prayer had been announced for Tuesday night. It was well attended and finished up grandly with eight souls out for the blessing of entire sanctification and one for pardon. Before we closed they all gave witness that they had received what they came for.

Amongst those who attended the half-night were the following: Major Stewart, Staff-Capt's. Rawling and Budd, Adj't. Robert, Capt's. McIntyre, Cheley, Frazer, Lowry, and Lieut. Tuck. It truly was a time never to be forgotten and a rich spiritual feast.

Montreal II.

Brigadier Bennett and Staff-Captain Hawley did the Sunday's meetings at this corps. The officers and soldiers worked hard; all the meetings were good, and at night two souls sought the Lord and found salvation.

We are expecting great things of Montreal II, during the Siege. Capt. McIntyre and Lieut. Tuck are in charge, and our faith runs high.

We are continually getting reports which speak of great victories. At Barre recently 14 souls were saved in one day, and there is the sign of an abundant harvest. H. B.

Jubilant Jottings.

By STAFF-CAPT. MANTON.

SAVED? I am saved, body, soul, and spirit—right from head to foot, up to date. Hallelujah!

FIGURES? I am figuring from morning till night, so that I can scarcely see anything but figures; but that's all right, I feel very happy in my work on the statistics in the G. S. Department.

DRY? Not a bit of it. Mellow as marrow, regular office work. Sticking to it all day has not dried me up, and I don't mean to let it. Thank God, He keeps me mellow!

While with Brigadier Corphiul at Guelph, I was billeted at an old friend's, Bill D—, and I had a good chance to speak directly with him about his soul. He acted like a child and made a full surrender. I have had one or two letters from him since, the following is an extract:

"Just a line to say I have got a complete victory from the Sunday I did my duty. God has never ceased to fill my soul. Believe on me living at the cross, to do or die for Jesus."

My burning desire is that God will help me to pick up the stragglers.

are just hungering and thirsting for love and sympathy. Let us fill up and give out.

Let us keep hustling—nothing done without hustling. The devil is hustling in the taverns, in the hell holes of sin. What are we doing? Let us improve every opportunity.

"Stand like the brave, With thy face to the foe."

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE KOOTENAY.

(Continued.)

NELSON was our destination for the next night's meeting, where several locals and a number of visitors were commissioned, and six more recruits enlisted beneath the flag of Blood-and-Fire. Adj't. Edgecombe, the District Officer for the Kootenay District, was on hand to meet us at the summit. Our evening's meeting was a fine affair and did us all good. Adj't. Edgecombe has certainly got a splendid soldi of Nelson, and is much loved by his people, while Lieut. Brown is doing all he can to strengthen the hands of the Adj't. and Capt. Frew, who entertained us, with himself.

Nelson is rapidly coming into prominence as the supply point for the Kootenay District. It already has several wholesale houses, and its retail stores compare favorably with those located in larger cities.

Direct connection is now made from Nelson to the East over the Crow's Nest Pass route, for both passengers and freight.

A run of 45 miles the next day on the Kootenay River and Lake, brings us to Kaslo. We had to break up all the way up the river to pass a large hump beneath the steamer, which caused us considerable delay, and as a result we arrived in Kaslo in time to hear the benediction. The Chancellor, however, had a short meeting with the soldiers.

A run back the next day to Nelson, on our way to Revelstoke, was taken in order to avoid a layover of a day at Slocan, and run the risk of meeting a side wind being snowed up.

Our last meeting from Nelson to Revelstoke was a very interesting affair. The lower portion of Arrowwood Lake being frozen up by the severe cold, we had to go by a round about way, necessitating no less than five hours in the above distance.

The Salvation Army has done a splendid work at Revelstoke during the first year of its labors. 21 bond fide names have been placed on the permanent roll, the present recruits are on the way, and the prospects are bright for a successful future. Our meeting was well attended, some more locals were commissioned and a soldiers' meeting held after the public one.

Capt. Fisher has just taken command. They have secured their first Siege convert. Revelstoke is becoming a very busy town, and growing rapidly.

(To be continued.)

God Healed Him.

A short time ago I was afflicted with a partial paralysis of the right arm. It had become so powerless that it was only with great difficulty I could convey my food to my mouth with it; I could hardly raise the striping and ornamenting pencils at my work in the factory, for the numbness of my arm and my fingers had departed from me and my affliction was gradually progressing in powerlessness. I came to the conclusion that if there was not something done to stay its progress, or effect a cure, I would be an invalid very soon.

Having no faith in human skill for cases of this kind, I decided to make the matter a subject of special prayer. I fervently desired what I prayed for, and thank God, He is a true rewarder of those who diligently seek Him, for ever since then (some weeks ago) I have experienced no inconvenience in my arm whatever. I can safely exclaim in the language of the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, Who healeth all thy diseases!"—Walter Scott, Guelph.

The brave man thinks of himself last of all.



The Siege Rages—Enemy Defeated—112 Prisoners Made by 29 Corps.

Fenton Falls.

A good soul-saving work has broken out here. One soul converted while visiting on Tuesday. Seven in Sataray night's meeting, two more on Sunday, making ten for the week. Juniors just had an outing to Lindsay. Splendid time.

Yorkville.

Splendid week-end. Three souls on Saturday night and one on Sunday. "Robes" a decided success. Crowds the best yet. Several strangers noticed in the meetings. Juniors' week has not yet well.

Montreal II.

Wednesday night Major Stewart and the League of Mercy sisters, led by Mrs. Symington, held a musical meeting at the Point. We had a good march and a fine meeting. Friday night one brother came to God and got saved.—W. G. R.C.

Pleton.

Glorious times. Soldiers all on fire. Last Saturday the Free Methodists joined with us. Did you ever see a crowd? The barracks were crowded to excess and the crowds were numerous. It was a glorious meeting. One drunk gave up a bottle of spirits at the pentitent form, and Ensign Sims marched outside the barracks, and with a loud "Hallelujah!" dashed it to the ground. Sunday was a glorious day—large crowds. The Pleton soldiers are a grand lot. God bless them! One backslider returned. Glory to God! Cottage meeting on Monday such a glorious time—Sims and Norman, C. O.'s.

Perth.

We are having beautiful meetings here. Three souls accepted for the Siege, and many follow. Hallelujah! Two more, cigars and liquor thrown away. Every body very kind, especially the boys. God bless them! Rest of all, they are getting saved.—M. Brown, Capt.

Port Hope.

Sunday, blessed day to our souls, from knee-drill to the finish up at night. Praise God! Two prodigals came home—one in the afternoon and one at night. God bless them!—Annie, Cor.

Collingwood.

On Thursday night we had a musical meeting, with a lecture by Bro. Munyon on "Shining Lights," which was very inspiring. Closed with two souls for God. Sunday morning, wonderful time. Three out for salvation, and one for cleansing. Among the number was an ex-Captain. Sunday night, barracks filled to the doors. Wonderful time of power, with one out for salvation, and two backsliders came back to the fold, making seven in all for the day.—Willie Clark, R. C.

Houlton.

Most glorious times all day Sunday. At night two backsliders came back to the fold. We had a march round the barracks. We will have big times at this corps yet.—Emily White, Corps.

Lisgar St.

Praise God! for continual victory! Two young women decided for God the other Sunday night. Many blessings and many lessons too, have been meted out to us during the Children's Week. Praise God! More to follow.—Mrs. Stickley.

Bracebridge.

Sunday, Feb. 12th, was a high day to this corps. In the afternoon, children on the Senior platform. The children answered well to the questions given

Ten.

them by the J. S. Secretary. At night a good crowd gathered for the farewell of Capt. Calvert, Officer in the Fountain. Tuesday night the corps had a nice tea together. It was a most enjoyable time, and all fresh pledged ourselves to be true to God. We will miss Bro. Calvert very much, not only to boom the Cry (though it often did men denying himself of a meeting), but in many other ways as a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ.—Adj't. Scar.

Spooner Shelter.

Two.

Just a line to let you know that we are still in the war. Last Sunday night in our meeting at the Shelter two souls sought and found the Saviour. We give God all the glory.—Geo. A. Dodd, Adj't.

Ottawa.

Nine.

Sunday was one of the grandest days we have had for a long time. From knee-drill until evening it was victory all along. A real spiritual cyclone. 9 precious souls realized God's power to save. All glory we give to God. By faith we conquer.—A. French.

Brockville.

Three.

The Siege is progressing in Brockville and Victory shall be ours. Since last report three souls have sought salvation. It has been a hard nut to crack, but God is helping us to crack it. Our prayer is that God will raise up a great band of Blood-and-Fire warriors to push the salvation war in this town.—R. Ruxtable, W. Butcher, C. O.'s.

Brantford.

Three.

The battle is still raging in Brantford, and we are gaining ground. Three prisoners have been taken during the past week. And we are close on some more who shall soon be captured and go singing the song with us, "His Blood can make the foulest clean!"—T. Conib, Adj't.

Ingersoll.

Two.

Beautiful dedication service of infant child of Bro. and Sister Simmons. God bless Alfred Simmons! May he be a proper Blood-and-Fire salvation warrior bye-and-bye. Mother expressed

Three.

We are having beautiful meetings here. Three souls accepted for the Siege, and many follow. Hallelujah! Two more, cigars and liquor thrown away. Every body very kind, especially the boys. God bless them! Rest of all, they are getting saved.—M. Brown, Capt.

Two.

Sunday, blessed day to our souls, from knee-drill to the finish up at night. Praise God! Two prodigals came home—one in the afternoon and one at night. God bless them!—Annie, Cor.

Nine.

On Thursday night we had a musical meeting, with a lecture by Bro. Munyon on "Shining Lights," which was very inspiring. Closed with two souls for God. Sunday morning, wonderful time. Three out for salvation, and one for cleansing. Among the number was an ex-Captain. Sunday night, barracks filled to the doors. Wonderful time of power, with one out for salvation, and two backsliders came back to the fold, making seven in all for the day.—Willie Clark, R. C.

Two.

Most glorious times all day Sunday. At night two backsliders came back to the fold. We had a march round the barracks. We will have big times at this corps yet.—Emily White, Corps.

Two.

Praise God! for continual victory! Two young women decided for God the other Sunday night. Many blessings and many lessons too, have been meted out to us during the Children's Week. Praise God! More to follow.—Mrs. Stickley.

One.

Sunday, Feb. 12th, was a high day to this corps. In the afternoon, children on the Senior platform. The children answered well to the questions given

hope that her boy would be a Captain some day. That's the spirit. Good week's fighting. Converts pronounced knee-drill the best meeting of the week. The Holy Ghost fire is burning. Glory! Two souls in the Fountain.—Reg. Cor. Two souls in the Fountain.—Reg. Cor.

Mulbrook.

Four.

The Siege! The Siege! First shot on our opponents (Mansfield, Galt, etc.)—victors for King Jesus and two souls captured, one a Junior. General Grime is doing his best to defeat us, taking from the front of the fight some of our oldest and best soldiers. God bless them! We are believing to see them to the front before long. We go in united to make this Siege the best yet.—Albert.

Carberry.

Three.

Siege target O. K. Since last report we have seen victory in Carberry. Three souls at the feet of Jesus. Interest growing. Cottage meetings a great success. The power of God manifested.—Lieut. N. G. Halsten.

Palmerston.

Four.

The weather was very cold on Sunday night, but thank God, we had the fire of the Holy Spirit burning in our hearts. Three souls got saved. Last night at the cottage meeting we had the joy of seeing another soul come to Jesus. All glory to God.

Trenton

Four.

We had a visit from our Bishop, also the converted Frenchman, also the converted Frenchman. Say, can we talk! We all say, "Come again, Bishop Blackburn." On Sunday we had our G.M.B.M. Also with his sermon and talk on machine. He was with us all day Sunday. One soul came and gave herself up to God. Another came yesterday afternoon, making a total of four since we came to this place. We are in for victory.—Lieut. Carter for Capt. Crego.

Glace Bay, C.B.

Four.

I wonder if your readers know there is an Army corps away down in Glace Bay? If they get all their information from the War Cry, I am afraid they don't know much about us. Since last report we have a report from G. P. who has had a change of heart. Ensign and Mrs. Larder have taken hold of the corps, and not only the corps, but the people as well. Ensign is an all-round

THIS WAS THE TARGET

WITH WHICH WE BEGAN THE SIEGE.

During the Siege of 1889, from Jan. 26th to April 3rd, the following shall by God's Grace be accomplished throughout this Territory:—

3500 Prisoners of Sin Set Free;

500 Wandering Backsliders Reclaimed;

300 Drunkards and other Notorious

1000 New Soldiers Enlisted for the King;

200 Candidates for Officeholders in the

Salvation Army Secured;

400 Increase of Knee-Officers to Besiege

the Throne of Grace;

12000 Increase in Weekly Attendance at

Army Meetings;

1500 Increase in Attendance of Children;

700 New Band of Women made;

10000 Junior Soldier Enrolled.

How far have YOU helped to hit it?



Seven.

man and a general favorite, although only two months in the place. Since the Siege began four souls have found the Saviour—two backsliders and two new cases. One case is a little out of the ordinary. She is a young woman (Sergt. Major's sister) and that night she left the meeting, walked up street then returned, and launched an attack right out to the penitent form. Now Mr. Editor, we are going in for big times, and if you will print this I will tell you more about them. We are going to open our new hall shortly, and we are going to have a half-night of prayer, and God has been blessing us. In the past

God has been blessing us. In the past week we had two souls in the Fountain. By the way, we had two out on Sunday, both for the blessing of a clean heart.—Drummer.

Summerside.

Seven.

Summerside is alright, for God is with us. Soldiers are going in for more of His power. They are an earnest little band and have taken the Siege to heart. One man, a sea captain, came to the Mercy Seat under the influence of liquor. God met him and set him free. Since the Siege opened we have had the joy of seeing seven precious souls crying to God for Pardon, and still there is more to follow.—Ensign A. Larder, and Capt. Long, Long.

Kaslo.

One.

We have said good-bye to Capt. McKeigan. We are sorry to lose him, but believe "all things work together for good to those who love God." Glad to report victory. One young man sought and found Jesus.—A. Langill, Lieut.

Lethbridge.

Five.

God has been blessing up. In the past week five souls in the Fountain. Hallelujah! God bless our baby corps!—Capt. Reynolds, R. C.

Emerson.

Three.

Since last report God has been working in our midst. And we are rejoicing over one poor soul for salvation, and two backsliders returning to the fold. Hallelujah!—Capt. Herringshaw.

Gravenhurst.

Two.

Praise God, we are still having victory. Good meetings all through the week, and on Sunday we had two more souls in the Fountain. Victory is ours. Hallelujah!—J. H. for R. C.

Aurora.

Two.

Praise God! A break has come at last, and two precious souls have wopt their way to the feet of Jesus. The fight has been very hard, but God is answering prayer, for which we give Him all the glory.—Lieut. Tytus.

Helena.

Six.

Our new officers have taken up the work where it was laid down by those who have gone before. Glorious meetings all day Sunday, with soul souls out for pardon. Hallelujah!—Adj't. Walton has farewelled from the Bishop's House. The prayers and good wishes of comrades and friends went with him. The soldiers' ten on Tuesday night was well attended. God abundantly bless those who labored so faithfully and earnestly to make it a success. We are going on to still greater victories here in Helena.—E. H. Wickesham.

Revelstoke.

Seven.

We have Capt. Fisher and Lieut. Morris with us now, as successors to Capt. Gooding and Capt. Floyd. God is giving us glorious times, in spite of cold snaps and snow storms. On Sunday night our meeting was one that will last long upon the minds of the people in Revelstoke. At the close of the meeting one poor backslider came home again. Soon another followed, then the third, then a sister, another brother, then a sister, with another brother following. Seven crying to God for mercy. Praise God! Victory will come. They all found Jesus.—Bro. C. Willis.

The Field Commissioner in Newfoundland.

(Continued from page 9.)

thought that St. John's held not enough crowds for the two attractions! But away with supposing. Before the Commissioner landed in the city at all, close on a thousand tickets at 20 and 30 cents each had been sold for her reception meeting, and nearly all held their meetings in connection with the British Hall was jammed to the doors. "What a platform that was," remembers the Commissioner. It was indeed an inspiring sight, crammed to the roof with uniformed warriors, who jumped to their feet as their leader came up the aisle, and put all their voice and all their heart into a welcome song. The meeting which followed was indescribable in its liberty, love and power.

Such meetings were masterpieces. The Field Commissioner was in her element, and with soldiers whose every instinct was to follow and to follow to the death, victory was no surprise. The crowd in the afternoon was a representative St. John's throng. Near the front sat Sir Robt. and Lady Thorburn, while there was hardly a grade of society or religious denomination unrepresented. The Commissioner spoke withunction, and evidently under the heavy sense of the importance of the eternal issues of the moment. Lover of the lost, as she always is, it seemed throughout this Newfoundland Campaign that a special burden and passion for souls was laid upon her. Needless to say this spirit kindled like flame in the singularly responsive hearts of her troops. The prayer meeting was a wonderful one. Scarce more than a minute was spent on that sacred verse, "Here I give myself up to Thee," as only Newfoundlanders can sing it—sang again and again with growing faith and fervor, while sinners from all over the building, and of every class and grade, came weeping to the Mercy Seat.

"They prayed—but their prayer was too late." The terse, terrible words fell like arrows on the heads of that dense Sunday night throng. Sung as they were in accents of tender yearning by the Field Commissioner, yet they clung like the cords of conviction into the hearts who listened. The crowd was immense, the meeting having had to commence long before the announced time on account of the door's imperative closing, yet the crowd sat as one man, and you could have heard a pin drop. The weight of conviction was positively painful, so tight was the tension of feeling. Then, laying her countenance down, and taking off the Bible, the Commissioner closed her hands with one of the many God-prompted addresses of soul-stirring truth we have often heard her deliver. The crowd shivered under her revelations and melted under her appeals. For three anxious minutes the prayer meeting was hard—it was as though the forces of evil rallied to make a final effort for the capture of that God-given field, only to be speedily driven back for here comes the first—a woman right out of the hall who ran up the aisle and falls on her knees crying, "Oh, am I—am I too late?" After that stiffness was unknown. Sometimes over one hundred prayed as with one voice. Oh, how those soldiers prayed!—prayed for the sinners to come, and then prayed for them just as eagerly and earnestly when they had come. The Commissioner with the thick of the fire, and the language of the heat, and amongst the lightning-she brought down one after the other, to the Mercy Seat. The scenes at the penitent forms—the rejoicings, the agonizing, tears-prayers, remonstrances, they cannot be told—indeed the whole machine is as the Commissioner puts it for her influence and power, "beyond the power of pen to describe." At what hour it closed we are not sure—met with just what manifestations of holy joy as in a day of Hallelujahs. And that the glory for that day and fifty souls which had set their seal to it.

The police were vanquished. It is not often that the men in blue care to acknowledge it, but nobody blamed them for what was manifestly a physical impossibility. The British Hall was jammed far beyond the limits of comfort if not of safety, the entrances blocked and the streets jammed with disappointed people—people offering 50 cents for a standing room amongst them. Inside, the chairman, Rev. A. Robinson, had no easy task to make the well-chosen words of

his introduction audible. So cramped was the crowd that it seemed as if the meeting would have to be dismissed. The Commissioner told them that she feared such must be the case. There was an immediate cessation in the swaying and chattering. Never has the story of the slums, as told by "Miss Booth" in her slums, told with greater effect—dictated to with such breathless interest. These meetings have since volunteered to pay the expenses of the Commissioner and party from Toronto and back, if she will give that address again, and guarantee the hall full at fifty cents a seat.

It remained a question as to whether that crowd ever would go. Even after the benediction they besought the singing of "God be with you till we meet again," which was sung with much love and some tears as they waved farewell to the slight cap-clad figure of their beloved visitor and leader.

Suddenly and without any due warning the Bruce saw fit to depart again, much to the Commissioner's sorrow, before she had privately met the soldiers of St. John's. Going there uninvited at last, hundred soldiers who were not even enlisted were there, waving till the steamer was hit a speck upon the ocean, though the rain fell in drenching torrents.

The return journey we will not particularize. It was a repetition of the out-going voyage, only with some aggravations. But if you met the Field Commissioner whose name meant so much to those in her, losing Newfoundlanders' hearts, and in whose own affections they hold so deep a place, she would tell you that whatever the cost, the crossings were well worth the while.

Corps Correspondence.

Maplewood.

God is saving souls. Since the Siege commenced souls are coming to God. Though the devil has a firm grip on some, yet we believe the conquering Savoy can break every chain.—M. W. and A. N.

Truro, N.S.

The fight is tough, and we are not one bit discouraged, for our God lives. We know His promises are true, and joyfully is sure. Watch the cry.—D. Fahey, and A. Brown.

Victoria.

WELCOME meeting to Adj't. Milner Saturday. Good turn out. Band to the front. We are all glad to have our new officers at last. We really thought they were lost, stolen, or strayed. They have lots of work ahead, putting the new barracks in shape. The whole building has been rented, so that quarters, barracks, band room and Junior Hall are all together, quite central and lots of room. Sunday, meetings were good. Quite a crowd each night. Adj't. Milner and Capt. Gooding led, assisted by Adj't. Barr, from the Shelter.—M. L.

Halifax.

The Lord is helping us in the Siege. By present indications we predict a larvest of souls through this 49th and 50th. May the Lord make bare His saving arm, and make us whole-hearted in His service.—Treas. Cashin.

Toronto Lifesboat.

Last Sunday we were treated with a visit from Ensign N. Griffiths and Capt. Easton, whose singing was much appreciated by the men. Capt. Easton did the lesson and spoke very briefly. In the text, "With whom is the Spirit?" Ensign Griffiths drew in the net. Bro. Zurhorst and Sister Medlock came over from the Temple to help us. Come again, comrades.—Autograph.

St. John's.

God has been wonderfully helping us. Converts doing well. The biggest crowds attending the meetings for years. Expecting great things from the hands of God.—Pub. Sgt.-Major.

Uxbridge.

Good meetings. Crowds and interest increasing. Soldiers encouraged and many converted. "Achim" did a great work. Wednesday evening, Sunday night we had a Russian Missionary with us. The Rev. Mr. Schut (Baptist) gave us a short address. Many converted, but no one yielded.—M. L., R. C.

Norfolk.

Good crowds. War Cry all sold out. People wanted more. (Why not, R. S. C.?)—Ed.) We welcomed Lieut. Turner with us. His visit was much appreciated. Friends and soldiers and communists—some bad officers, for the year. Bro. Adair as Treasurer, Bro. Comis as Drum Sergeant, Bro. Munro as Junior Soldier Sergeant, Bro. Sykes as Pte. in

Revelstoke.

Big times. Staff-Capt. Turner with us. Friday and Saturday to lead our meetings. His visit was much appreciated. Friends and soldiers and communists—some bad officers, for the year. Bro. Adair as Treasurer, Bro. Comis as Drum Sergeant, Bro. Munro as Junior Soldier Sergeant, Bro. Sykes as Pte. in

Form Sergeant, Bro. Ross, Color Sergeant, Bro. McCullough, Sergeant-Major. Saturday we had a good meeting. Congratulate. Captain, we like to see your face.—Bro. Willis.

Montreal I.

Thursday night found our young folks under the able leadership of their local officers, in charge of the meeting. A good crowd greeted them, who manifested a keen interest in the proceedings. Week-end meetings, first class. War Cry all sold out, and a clear gain recorded. Soldiers preparing for a grand united gathering. Bandmaster W. A. Smith, the happy possessor of a fine band. The third outfit within a right hand to the bandmaster's families. (Young mouth organ band, we presume.—Ed.)—Negus.

Rosolland.

Times of victory and power in the Golden City of the West. Sinners coming to Jesus. Hallelujah! Eusign I. J. Turner and Lieut. Gien on deck. On Saturday and Sunday had Staff-Capt. Turner with us for a week-end. On Sunday night enrolled six recruits to fight under the Yellow, Red and Blue. The atmosphere of enthusiasm was very inspiring and many converts. The band impressed with the address of the Staff-Captain on the Army Rules and Recruitals us. The Staff-Captain is always welcome to Rosolland. Come again!—D. McDougall for Eusign V. Turner.

Summerside.

Our new District Officer, Eusign J. K. Miller, was with us for the week-end. Although the weather was extremely cold, still we had good crowds. Things are moving in the right direction. During the past two weeks our hearts have again in seeing souls seeking the Saviour.—Nettie Gamble.

Oppenheimer.

Our big times are not over yet. We had one on Friday night, when Adj't. and Mrs. Wiggins arrived, with Capt. Peacock and two loads of Juniors, from Lindsay. The children did well with their singing and reciting, and are not afraid to testify and pray. We had a real good time.—Rev. Dr. G.

Cobourg.

Since our arrival here we have had a visit from the D. O., Adj't. Blackburn and wife, also the Hallelujah Frenchman, from Montreal. Everybody desired to see them again. We are working and praying, and we believe that God is going to reward our labors.—Maud McFarlane, from Cobourg.

Sudbury.

When the S. A. first came to Sudbury, nearly four years ago, an individual wrote to our officers to say that if they did not leave town that they would bring them to "Kingdom come." I guess our brother has changed his mind, as the Army is here yet, and many souls' fetters have been snapped and lives of sin changed to lives of righteousness. We are here to stay.—Cand. N. R. Trikey, W. S. C.

Fairville, N.B.

Last Monday afternoon the officers of the District came over and we had a little council. God came near and blessed us, and at night we had a great

meeting, led by Adj't. Kerr. The ball was packed out. We could not seat any more in it. We had one sister enrolled as a soldier.—Pat.

Mississauga.

You have not heard from us for some time, but thanks be to God, we are still alive. On Saturday night we had with us Eusign Staggers. He led the meeting with a swing. Two precious souls found peace. Since the Siege began we have seen six weary souls made happy. We are fighting happy.—J. H. Frost, T. C.

With Brigadier Gaskin TO MUSKOKA.

Barrie.

A week and spent at this corps is both profitable and enjoyable; so it proved to be to the writer. It does one good to meet these tried and faithful warriors who have fought on through storm and cloud under the "Flag with the Fiery Star" year after year, and their unceasing devotion to the work of saving men is something of which we can be justly proud. Of course, the "old folks" do not do all the fighting, there are quite a few energetic, go-ahead youngsters, several of whom are Candidates, who take a good part of the strife against sin and Satan.

The hallelujah smiles that wreath the faces of such warriors as Father McCullough, Father Miles, Tress, Stapleton, and several others are truly contagious, more especially as they so often smile through tears of gladness, which light up the countenance, eloquently telling of the "life that now is, and that which is to come."

The meetings all day Sunday were real good. God was manifestly present in great power, especially afternoon and night.

Just as the first chorus was being sung in the prayer meeting on Sunday night, the fire bell rang and out rushed most of the audience, many wondering if their house or cottage had taken fire.

We held on for some time, but the unsaved ones who remained would not yield.

Monday night we had a banquet and special go, which was a success. The Provincial Officer gave a most interesting and stimulating address, which was immediately repeated when we adjourned, the hall being nearly full, although a charge was made at the door. This corps is doing well under the leadership of Adj't. Cameron.

Orillia.

This corps is prospering. Several new soldiers have been enrolled and things are decidedly on the upgrade. Capt. Bowers and Lieut. Huskinson are in charge. We had a splendid meeting, a fine crowd having gathered by the time we got in from the murch, through the snow, slippery streets. There is a bright future before Orillia.

Gravenhurst

Capt. McCann and Lieut. Bone have been used of God in the salvation of souls, many of whom are changed and will make good soldiers. We had a fine meeting here. The open-air and march was not largely attended, but we had a grand time inside. The P. O. spoke of the Siege and the individual responsibility of each one pushing forward the Kingdom's interest. A Bible reading followed the testimonies, which were led by the Captain. We closed at about 11 o'clock, with 8 souls kneeling at the Mercy Seat seeking salvation and holiness.

Huntsville.

We left Gravenhurst at midnight, reaching Huntsville about 2:30 a.m. Capt. White and the Secretary met us at the station.

This corps has improved splendidly the last three months, under the leadership of Capt. White and Lieut. Meeks. Many souls have been saved, and a number of soldiers enrolled.

The J. S. has been doing grandly, and the general work of the corps is progressing fine. The open-air and march was inspiring. The inside meeting was magnificent. Good crowds, great interest and deep conviction. Four soldiers were enrolled.

Each corps visitation shows an all-round improvement during the last three months.—A. G.

When you cease sinning, you will cease doubting also.

Anxiety and Faith.

I.

Anxiety has its centre in the creature, but faith has its centre in God.

Reason is the parent of anxiety, for when reason does not act under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, it invariably leads to distrust of some kind. Reason looks at the creature, at friends or foes and circumstances, and probabilities, and seeing only the realm of the natural it can never produce perfect confidence.

Faith pierces through all creatures, and all circumstances, and fastens itself upon the infinite, universal God.

Faith is the eye of the human spirit looking at God; and in a lofty sense, ignoring everything but God.

II.

Anxiety originates in the wants of a fallen state, but faith has its origin in the fullness of the provisions of God.

Reason sees only the chances of human life, and the thousands of instances where these wants are not supplied. This creates anxiety.

Faith goes out from the creature, and looks upon the fullness of God; it reaches into His inexpressible fulness to supply His creatures, and thus destroys the anxiety of the fullness of God destroys anxiety.

III.

Anxiety is bounded by the vision of the natural perceptions and it attached to things around it, but faith has a wonderful expansiveness to it, and is attached to God's will wherever that will may be found anywhere in the universe.

IV.

Anxiety is near-sighted, but faith has a telescopic vision and sees things afar off, and looks at passing events from the standpoint of eternity.

V.

Anxiety is always changing its objects, but faith has no change of objects, and its only change is to increase and intensify. Human reason, which is the instrument of anxiety, fixes its hopes first on this person, then on that; first on this prospect, then on that, and so through life the mind never reaches a solid repose.

Faith has got down through the shifting sands on the earth's surface, and is anchored in the primeval rock of God and His word.

VI.

Anxiety, resulting from various teachings, is always manifold and complex, and divided into many forms and things, but faith is united and simple. Human reason is constantly making excursions into things curious, it experiments under the deceitful pretense of finding the truth, but in the end only produces a feverish state of the heart.

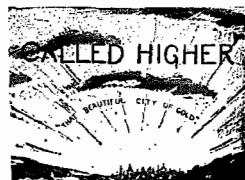
Perfect faith in God is a miracle of simplicity and reduces all things "nirae to a state of simplicity; the labors of such a soul move in straight lines under the eye of God, and are simple and simple faith, which in everything shuns the complex and seeks for the plain and transparent. Perfect faith in God has a sweet satisfaction in it; it drinks continually from the sun-bright fountains of God Himself, through the person of Christ, and by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. The soul that in perfect faith gazes on the ocean of God is kept from unceasness and inward distress of heart, for it lives on what it is in God and not on the appearance of things.

VII.

The principle of reason is always struggling to achieve results, but the principle of faith accomplishes the greatest results by harmonizing with God and working through Him.

Not only are unsaved people full of anxiety, but great multitudes who are serving God allow their reason to take the place of faith; but when they are tried in the fire, or ground to powder, there is hardly an ounce of faith found to a ton of rubbish of reason and unbelief, which sinks itself into God's rocks only His will, regardless of apparent success or failure, achieves things in a divine way, and in the divine time, free from anxieties and the arduous

struggles of the natural mind. Perfect faith sees God in a failure, or snatches up, where other people regard everything as a total wreck. Thus all through life anxiety sprouts from the creature, and man's reason, but faith springs up in union with God, anchors fast to the eternal will, feeds itself on God's unchanging love, keeps tranquil in the hidden presence of God, has no interest in the outcome of anything except the interest of God, and seeks in all things to be one with Jesus Christ, and in that union anxiety can find no foothold.—G. D. Watson.



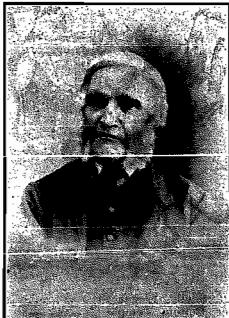
"FOREVER WITH THE LORD."

With sorrowful hearts we chronicle the death of the infant and only child of Brundtman Harry and Mrs. Negus, after a brief illness. God, in His infinite wisdom, has taken the little bud of earth to bloom in heaven. We heartily sympathize with Bro. and Sister Negus in their sad bereavement. We believe that all things work together for good to them. The love of God and the loss of their darling child be the means of drawing their hearts out after God, more than ever to do His will.—Treas. Cashin, Halifax J.

FROM PARIS TO GLORY.

Father Axton has Gone to Realms Above.

Father's gone to Glory, fighting is done; He has fought the battle faithful and the victory won; Once an Army soldier filled with Jesus' love; But his fighting's ended and now dwells above.



Again we have to report the sad news of the death of another comrade and soldier who while fighting for God and Country, had entered the Salvation Army fourteen years ago, when the Army first started in Paris. He was one of the first soldiers, Capt. Churchill being then in command. Before entering the Salvation Army one comrade was highly respected, but was not satisfied with his experience. He was put to the test by being asked if he was willing to be spit upon for Jesus' sake. He hesitated and found he had not the spirit to do it. The light was given to him and he went on for the dear heart. God met with him and gave him that spirit which he sought for, and has retained it ever since. He fought in the dark days, when the Army here was persecuted, when our Editor, Breidenbach Friedrich, was stationed here as a Cadet. He was also one of the number who stood their ground when Capt. Todd was sent to jail. He was a model Salvation Army soldier, and his name was brought sometimes to every heart. He is gone, but not forgotten. His place is vacant; who will fill it? On Sunday, Feb. 5th, he was at the meeting praising God and warning sinners to get right with God.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Waterville, Mar. 7; Canning, 9; Kentville, 9.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—St. John, March 8; North Bay, 9; Burk's Falls, 10; Bracebridge, 11, 12; Parkerville, 13; Coldwater, 14; Midland, 15; Collingwood, 16, 17; Meaford, 18, 19.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Great Falls, March 8, 9, 10; Bolt, 11, 12, 13; Kildonan, 15, 16; Lewiston, 18, 19, 20; Spokane, 21.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Brantford, March 8, 9; Simcoe, 10; Tilsbury, 11, 12; Norwich, 13, 14; Woodstock, 15; Ingoldsby, 16, 17; London, 18, 19, 20.

ENSIGN PARKER.—Gannaway, March 9, 10; Brookville, 11, 12; Preston, 13, 14; Morrisburg, 15, 16; Cornwall, 17, 18, 19; Montreal L., 20.

It was the last meeting we had together. He often said he would just like to slip away and be with Jesus. God granted him his wish on Feb. 15th. Just as the sun was going down in the West, he went outside for a walk, when his spirit took its flight to the God who gave it.

"He had no earthly struggle,

But just like the close of day
His spirit from earth to heaven,
Pussed gently away."

Our comrade died to the ripe old age of eighty-five. We gave him a real Army funeral. Adj't. Combs of Brantford conducted the services in the barracks. A number of soldiers spoke of the high respect in which our comrade was held, also his godly, consistent life. The people were brought face to face with death, and as the Adj't. spoke hearts were touched. We laid the remains of our dear comrade to rest in the Paris cemetery. The memorial service on Sunday night proved to be a blessing, for at the close one soul came to the front and promised to be faithful to the end.—J. S. S. M. Wm. McLauchlin, Reg. Cor.

HOW THE ARMY STRUCK REVELSTOKE

Early last spring I was working in the little railroad and mining town of Revelstoke, in the heart of the mountains of British Columbia, where Satan has his seat. Although Revelstoke boasted of four churches, yet Satan was gaining headway. It would have grieved the heart of a Christian worker to have seen the wickedness in the streets of R.—. One day, as I was returning from work, a man stopped up and said, Revelstoke Herald, I am going to a paper to see the news of the town, when a small item at the bottom of the column attracted my attention. It read as follows:

"The Salvation Army will open fire here on Saturday night."

I began to reflect on what I had heard and read about the Salvation Army. I could not understand the meaning of such a statement. I had heard some say they were the most excitable people ever seen, would dance around, clap their hands—in fact, make regular tools of themselves.

At this time I was not partial to Christianity. I was accustomed to curse God, and take His name in vain. At last our curiosity was satisfied somewhat on this evening we stood on the platform of the station and saw two girls and an old man walk toward us, great, wide bonnets like coal scuttle's, alight, with light and elastic step, proceeded to look after their baggage.

As they moved about we closely watched their actions, almost thinking they were different to other folks. Soon after they began to hold meetings in a dance hall in the wickedest part of the town, and I attended their meetings for some time. One evening in one of their meetings, Capt. Willis took hold of me, so I made my way to the front, I trust that night a new man in Christ Jesus.

I was the seventh victim of the S. A. We no longer wonder at the Army. The good they have done here has cleared the doubts of people. In fact, we are having glorious times. God has wonderfully blessed the girls that wear the coal scuttle bonnets.

Now we stand a strong Army for Jesus Christ only ten months old, with 21 enrolled members and 16 converts, including desperate drunkards, gamblers, morphine fiends, infidels, Swedes, Danes, Irish, Scotch, English and Americans. And so the Salvation Army is marching along.—Bro. Willis.

C. S. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Waterville, Mar. 7; Canning, 9; Kentville, 9.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—St. John, March 8; North Bay, 9; Burk's Falls, 10; Bracebridge, 11, 12; Parkerville, 13; Coldwater, 14; Midland, 15; Collingwood, 16, 17; Meaford, 18, 19.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Great Falls, March 8, 9, 10; Bolt, 11, 12, 13; Kildonan, 15, 16; Lewiston, 18, 19, 20; Spokane, 21.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Brantford, March 8, 9; Simcoe, 10; Tilsbury, 11, 12; Norwich, 13, 14; Woodstock, 15; Ingoldsby, 16, 17; London, 18, 19, 20.

ENSIGN PARKER.—Gannaway, March 9, 10; Brookville, 11, 12; Preston, 13, 14; Morrisburg, 15, 16; Cornwall, 17, 18, 19; Montreal L., 20.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We often search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty.

Address: Commercial Exchange Building, 100 Bay St., Toronto, and mail to "Missing" in the envelope.

Twenty-five cents should be sent, to defray expenses.

Parents, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioners if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

3330. ALEX. MCQUARRIE, Age 61, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair. Left Mun., Cape Breton 39 years ago. Last heard of in Texas.

3330. DONALD MCQUARRIE, Age 66, height 5 ft. 10 in., light hair. Left Mun., Cape Breton 34 years ago, for California. Has not been heard from since.

3331. ABLE ORCHARD BUTTLE. Dark hair and eyes, medium height, teeth not very regular, slight scar over one eye, age about 30. Worked in Ulverton and Richmond, Quebec, about 1890 or 1891. Friends most anxious. Address S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3332. HIBRAM MCARTHY, Age 46, height 5 ft. 5 in., blue eyes, delicate looking, grey hair and round-shouldered. Left Toronto Jan. 17, 1890. Talked of going to Barrie or Peterboro, but may have gone to Michigan. His wife anxiously inquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

3333. HENRY STEVENS, Age about 25, red hair, fair complexion. When last heard of, three years ago, was employed by W. R. Steenam & Co., Winipeg. His mother anxiously inquires.

3334. GEORGE RINGER, Age 37, height 6 ft., dark complexion. Formerly in the 60th Rifles. Left the service in 1871. Supposed to be working in London, Ont. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

3335. ROBERT LESON PORTER, Age 50, height 5 ft. 9 in., dark hair and eyes, lost half of one finger on right hand. Native of Ireland. Has been in the United States. Last heard of about 4 years ago at Aylevin, Ont. Brother anxiously inquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

NOTICE!—We do not put notices in this Column unless the inquirer gives full name and address. We don't know who E. B. is, or where he lives.

Second insertion.

3331. WILLIAM J. DICKENS, Age 37, tall, fair complexion. Moulder by trade. Last heard of 11 years ago in Toronto, Ont. His mother very anxious to get some news. Address S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3332. REUBEN H. MILLER, Age 23, height 5 ft. 9 in., fair complexion. Left Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, about March, 1888, for Edmonton, Alberta District. Has not been heard of since. Brothers very anxious. Address S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

The Heart-Cry of Jesus.

By BYRON J. REES.

M. W. Knapp, Revivalist Office, Cleveland, O., 50 Cents.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.—Dedication, Introduction, Preface, Contents, Christ's Prayer, Chapter I.—A Word in the Prayer, Chapter II.—Some Errors, Chapter III.—Those for Whom Christ Prayed, Chapter IV.—Christ's Prayer Answered, Chapter V.—Christian Unity, Chapter VI.—Fearlessness, Chapter VII.—Responsiveness to Christ, Chapter VIII.—Son-Rest, Chapter IX.—Praisedness, Chapter X.—Sonship, Chapter XI.—Christiness of Life.

From the great literary output of weak, colorless and over-worded books, the above stands out in strong contrast. It is written refreshingly, direct and plain, and thoroughly sound in its teaching of true holiness of heart and life. There is too much high-flown theorizing in many publications classed as holiness literature, but the "Heart-Cry of Jesus" keeps near the level of the average reader, rightly remembering that holiness is not the privilege of educated people, but within reach of every saved soul.

Adjt. Bradley, Cornwall	90
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Capt. Sleeth, Prescott	49
Lieut. Hickman, Prescott	49
Capt. Beauchell, Deseronto	49
Capt. Banks, Quebec	49
Capt. McIntyre, Montreal II	49
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Ensigo Dyer, Niagara	49
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Capt. Owen, Sunbury	49

EASTERN PROVINCE.

67 Hustlers.

ST. GEORGES, Ber.—On Monday night last our hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, the attraction being a lecture by Mrs. Field, of the W. C. T. U., of America. The Rev. E. Phillips, of the R. E. Church, introduced the speaker in a short pointed speech. Mrs. Field's lecture was one long plea against intemperance. The lecturer quoted science and statistics to prove that alcohol and tobacco, in any shape or form, pollutes and destroys the body. In her closing speech she again insisted on her lecture the necessity of seeking personal salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ, as the one sure cure for alcoholism and its attendant evils. Mrs. Field was listened to with marked attention throughout the entire lecture. At the close of the lecture, Capt. Welch gave the usual invitation, although we saw no visible results. On Friday night Adjt. Matthews and his staff were with us. The Sergeants who were commissioned last night were re-commissioned, and Bro. Spurhill and Corbin were commissioned as Orderly Sergeants, and to judge by the applause with which they were greeted by the audience and platform, are well worthy of their promotion. Adjt. Matthews gave us a soul-stirring address, telling out the old, old story of Jesus and His love.—W. G. G., Reg. Cor.

P.S.—Samples Mailed Free.

MAGGIE GRAHAM, Halifax I.	169
SERG'T. FLOOD, Hamilton, Ber.	154
SERG'T. FLOOD, Hamilton, Ber.	150
CHAS. BOVENSEN, Westville	110
SERG'T.-MAJOR VENOT, Halifax II.	105
BRO. KELLY, St. Georges, Ber.	105
CAPT. G. THOMPSON, Campbellton	100
SISTER E. WHITE, Houlton	100
Ensign Taylor, St. Stephen	99
Lieut. Smith, Moncton	99
Ensigo Wright, Bridgetown	99
Cadet Webber, Fredericton	99
Cadet Lehnus, St. John I.	99
Cand. Long, Summerside	99
Capt. Fancy, Truro	99
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	99
Capt. McKay, New Glasgow	99
Lieut. Brown, Truro	99
Mrs. George Blackwood, Westville	99
Sergt. Mrs. Thompson, St. John III.	99
Capt. Sibley, St. Stephen	99
Capt. Davies, Bridgewater	99
Lizzie Loban, Fredericton	99
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	99
Lieut. McPherson, Halifax I.	99
Cadet True, St. John I.	99
Lieut. Taylor, St. Stephen	99
Capt. J. W. Clark, N. Sydney	99
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	99
Sergt. Chisholm, N. Sydney	99
Bro. Read, St. John I.	99
Bro. Jones, N. Sydney, Ber.	99
Capt. St. John, Hamilton, Ber.	99
Sister Blakeney, Moncton	99
Sergt. J. Moore, Halifax I.	99
Cadet Fudge, Fredericton	99
Capt. McDonald, Kentville	99
Ada Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	99
Sergt. Allen, St. John III.	99
Cadet Adams, St. John I.	99
Ensigo Jennings, Moncton	99
Lieut. Dunscombe, New Glasgow	99

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

38 Hustlers.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.



Here am I, Lord!

Tunes.—I bring my all to Thee (B.J. 107).

Often I heard Thy tender voice
Calling, dear Lord, to me,
Asking a quiet, yet lasting choice,
"Twixt worldly joys and Thee :
Stirring my heart's deep fountain
springs.

Breaking the barriers down :
Bidding me rise on faith's strong wings,
Crying, "No cross, no crown !"

Chorus.

I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee,
I wish 'twere more, but all my store
I bring just now to Thee,
I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee,
Thou wilt, I feel, Thy promise seal,
And give Thyself to me.

And yet, alas, a storm-tossed sea
Of care and doubt and fear
Still parts me, Saviour, Lord, from Thee,
Although Thou art so near,
Sigh, speak again and bid me come,
From every fear set free,
Over the self and sin and storm,
Over the waves to Thee.

Jesus, I dare to trust in Thee,
Who maketh all things new ;
My sins to slay, my tears to stay,
My sorrows to subdue,
And in the battle's blazing heat,
When flesh and blood would quail,
I'll fight, and trust, and still repeat,
That Jesus cannot fail.

Second Chorus.

Over the waves to Thee, dear Lord,
Over the waves to Thee :
At last, at last, I come, I come,
Over the waves to Thee :
I know Thou canst not fail, dear Lord,
I know Thou canst not fail :
I trust all at Thy dear call,
Jesus, Thou canst not fail.

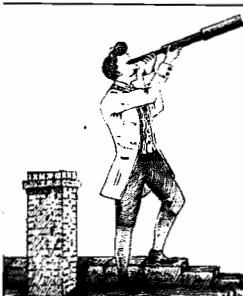
I Will Not Let Thee Go

Tunes.—Jesus, I will not let Thee go (B.J. 57); Conference (B.J. 75); or, If the cross (B.J. 53).

My God, I know that Thou art mine,
But, oh, when shall it be,
That I shall be entirely Thine,
And find my all in Thee ?

Chorus.

I will not let Thee go !
For Thou art mine,
And I am Thine ;
I will not let Thee go !



"Hello ! this looks like a comet approach
ing the earth. I'll see it plainer next
week !"

Thou canst not dwell in any heart
Where doubtful things abide ;
A heart where idle have a part
Thou canst not there reside.

"Tis this has kept me back so long,
From getting in in the flow :
I feared to follow all the way,
Or let my idols go.

But now with all my doubts I part,
And give myself to Thee :
Oh, come and purify my heart,
And set me fully free.

Wanted—Front Rank Fighters!

Tune.—Victory for me (B.J. 69).

3 To the front, the cry is ringing,
To the front, your place is there.
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer.
Selfish ends shall claim no right,
From the battle's post to take us,
Fear shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God shall make us.

Chorus.

No retreating, hell defeating,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand,
God looks down and glory crowns
Our conquering hand.

Victory for me,
Through the Blood of Christ my Saviour,
Victory for me,
Through the precious Blood.

To the front the fight is raging,
Christ's own banner leads the way,
Every power and thought engaging,
Might Divine shall be our stay.
We have heard the cry for him,
From the dying millions round us,
We've received the royal command,
From the dying Lord Who found us.

To the front, no more delaying,
Wounded spirits need your care :
To the front, the Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,
Sleves of death and degradation,
Wait for these in love to bring,
Holy peace and liberation.

The Day of Judgment.

Tune.—You'll see the Great White Throne.

4 You'll see the Great White Throne,
And stand before it all alone,
Waiting for the King to call,
When the stars begin to fall !

Chorus.

My Lord, what a mourning !
When the stars begin to fall !

Before the Judgment Seat,
Your sentence will the King repeat :
Terror will you then enthrall,
When the stars begin to fall !

You'll see the King come forth
To judge the nations in His wrath !
Sinners to the rocks will call
When the stars begin to fall !

You'll hear Him say, "Well done !"
To all who have the battle won :
Oh, that He may call us all,
When the stars begin to fall !

For Scotch Singers Only.

Tune.—Auld Lang Syne (Sacred hope) (B.J. 38).

5 Far fra me name an' God I strayed,
I sair'd the devil every day,
An' that w' a' my nicht,
I wasna feared the due the wrang
While sair'in' in his banks.
But ready aye the sing a song,
An' play his dirty pranks.
(Last two lines of each verse for chorus.)

But a' nicht, juist twa years ago,
Ma chums brocht me the news,
That fowls ca'd "Hallelujahs" can't.
Some said they had the blues,
Sae thought I that w' this a' see
What w' this wis about.
Ah freens, am glad that e'er I gaed,
For I got the dell turned out.

An' aye sin syu I haen't been sic gleed,
For Jesus Christ can't in,
An' took the wicked he'rt awa'
Alang w' a' my sin.
Noo come an' try Him for yersels,
Hoo kin ye bide awa',
Whae He is waitin' the forgie,
An' wash ye white as snow.

Make a Joyful Noise.

Tunes.—Hallelujah to the Lamb (B.J. 91); Ella Rhea (B.J. 3); Lift up up the banner (B.J. 3); or, Bright crowns (B.J. 59).

6 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, Who died on
Mount Calvary !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Amen !

"Worthy the Lamb that died ! " they cry,
"To be exalted thus !"
"Worthy the Lamb ! " our hearts reply,
"For He was slain for us !"

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him Who sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Poor Sinner, Come I

Tunes.—Blessed Jesus (B.J. 49); Turn to the Lord (B.J. 77); Hark, the voice (B.J. 1).

7 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power ;
He is able, He is willing, doubt no more,

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream :

At the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him ;
This He gives you : 'Tis the Spirit's rising
beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and ruined by the fall :
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies :
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies :
"It is finished ; sinner will not this suffice ?"

This Week's Solo.

Tune.—The anchor's weighed (S.M. I. 93).

8 A voice fell softly from on high,
When I for sin was weeping sore ;
"Lord, save me ! " was my heart-felt cry.

As loud I knocked at Mercy's door,
"Twas Jesus' voice, I heard Him sweetly say.

"My Blood has washed thy many sins
away ;
Praise God, Who bled and died on Calvary's tree.
Praise God, I'm saved !
All's well, all's well,
He sets me free.

The loving Lord died in my stead,
Freely He did His life resign ;
For all mankind His blood was shed,
O precious Blood ! O Life Divine !
Dear, loving Lord—oh, can I ever find
A Friend more pitiful and kind ?
He bled and died to set poor sinners free,
Praise God, I'm saved !
All's well, all's well,
He sets me free.

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL JACOBS,

Chief Secretary,

WILL CONDUCT SPECIAL

MEETINGS AT

OTTAWA,

Sunday and Monday, March 12-13.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,

Accompanied by MAJOR SOUTHALL

will visit and conduct Special

Meetings as follows :

CHATHAM, March 11, 12, 13.

DRESDEN, March 14.

PETROFORD, March 15.

STRATFORD, March 16.

WOODSTOCK, March 17.

BRANTFORD, March 18, 19.

HAMILTON, March 20.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ

will visit the following places :

HESPELER, Thursday, March 9.

LONDON, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 11, 12, 13.

BRANTFORD, March 23, 24, 25.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

MAJOR McMILLAN

will visit the following corps and conduct Special Meetings :

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Sat. and Sun., March 11, 12 and 13.

(Hallelujah Wedding Monday night).

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling
OLD COUNTRY,
we respectfully call your special attention
to the fact that we can procure tickets
for all the Canadian Steamship Lines,
on very favorable terms. For full
details apply to MAJOR SOUTHALL
& A. Tamm, Toronto.

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